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SCHOOL FOR DIPLOMATS

THE United Nations are nearer this week to the ideal that inspires their happy title. The Great Powers and with them the Dominions have jointly recognised the Provisional Government of the French Republic. The first consequences of this step should mean much to General de Gaulle's administration. It gains at once undisputed sovereignty and control over two-thirds of France. It recovers the considerable frozen assets which the Third Republic had deposited in American banks. It ranks again as a Great Power and should be admitted without delay to the deliberations of the European Council and the further discussions that must one day complete the work begun at Dumbarton Oaks. Only last week General de Gaulle spoke with much bitterness of the neglect which France has suffered at the hands of her allies. Happily, so far as we can judge, it is only the better-informed section of the French public that knows enough of the facts to share his attitude of criticism and regret. The masses welcomed the liberating armies with spontaneous joy: they do not choose to remember the mistakes, the suspicions and the delays that have marred the dealings of Washington and London with the movement of resistance that is now the acknowledged government of France.

If the leading statesmen of the United Nations know anything of the art of life, they will now welcome the new France to their councils for the sake of what she has to contribute to the common cause. It should be unnecessary for her spokesmen to insist upon her rights. What concerns us is rather that her initiative should have full scope. In three years of suffering and struggle a younger generation has won by its courage and integrity the right to lead. Its first task will be to build within its own borders a society worthy of its civilisation. But in proportion as it proves its creative genius at home, it will come to wield a wide and magnetic influence in Europe. After the last war it was the General Staff and French finance that for many years directed the influence of France on the Continent. After this war her power will flow from very different springs—from the will of the people tested in a revolutionary effort, which is necessarily taking a Socialist direction. The hope of creating a united Europe may then turn chiefly on our readiness to collaborate with the spirit of a new age, which she may incarnate more consciously than any of our Western neighbours.

Does this belated recognition of the French Government mean that the Allies have learned a larger lesson? In France, they sought first an alternative leader, stained though he might be with a collaborationist past. None of them could establish himself, in spite of American backing, and it became clear that there was no middle term between Vichy and the Free French. Even then the graceless delay continued, and the two Western Powers changed front only gradually and by stages. If in this French business the State Department bore a heavier share of responsibility than the Foreign Office, it is British rather than American obstinacy that accounts in the other parallel cases for our partiality towards Badoglio and the Fascist King of Greece and (until recently) towards General Mihailovitch. Like Metternich, Allied rulers have continuously sought a return to "legitimacy," in spite of all the known facts about the popular movements on the Continent.

What is even more startling is the incompetence of the professional experts who misled the two Governments. Responsible journalists on both sides of the Atlantic felt reasonably sure all the time that de Gaulle had the active masses of the French nation behind him. To-day, in retrospect, the belief of the diplomatists that a Darlan, a Peyrouton or a Giraud could compete with him looks merely silly; yet on this belief the two Governments acted. As obviously the King of Greece is a liability to the Allied cause and more particularly to British influence. But our case against the diplomatic experts goes much farther back. It was they who convinced Lord Halifax in 1939 that Poland was a considerable and Russia a negligible military Power, with consequences that nearly lost us the war. The life these men are condemned to lead in courts, clubs and drawing-rooms commonly ends by destroying their ability to measure social forces and political trends in the modern world. It seems that neither of the English-speaking democracies has yet discovered how to choose its experts in the field of foreign relations, or how to train them, if it could select them. The capacity to read history in the making is commonly better developed in the abler newspapers of this country and the United States than it is in their foreign services. When, as in these cases, the heads of the two Governments were only too ready to be misled, the chances for the adoption of a democratic policy were slender. We have good reason, then, to rejoice that in France at least we have escaped from the past so easily.

The Timing of the War

It may safely be assumed that military plans figured at least as large as political problems in the Kremlin talks. If the war is to be ended before winter is over, there will have to be a concerted speeding-up of offensives, west and east. In the west, the inhibiting factor is still supply. The estuary of the Loire remains in German hands, but the British group of armies is now tackling in earnest the task of freeing the Scheldt. The Nijmegen salient is being extended vigorously westwards, so as to clear the enemy from southern Holland. These useful operations, however, have the appearance of preparatory moves; and on the American front no results of strategic importance have followed the capture of the ruins of Aachen, whose garrison (according to Dr. Goebbels) "died like Nibelungs." In the east, good progress is being made on the flanks: the Russians have cut off a large enemy force in the coastal triangle west of Riga and have breached the frontier defences of East Prussia; and in Hungary an impressive converging move on Budapest is taking shape from Ruthenia and Transylvania. Still farther south, Bulgarian forces under Russian direction are co-operating with Marshal Tito's army; Belgrade, Nish and much of western Macedonia have been cleared. To Germany, however, neither East Prussia nor the Balkans can be counted as territory absolutely essential for prolonging the war. It

is in the strategically vital triangle, Warsaw-Posen-Breslau, that the final decision will be secured.

The Philippines Invaded

The American landing in strength on Leyte Island in the Philippines is interesting in two respects: it shows that, given sufficient cover from carrier-based aircraft, a large-scale amphibious operation is practicable beyond the range of land-based fighter aircraft; and it suggests that a compromise has probably been reached between the views of the U.S. Navy and War Departments as to correct strategy in the Pacific campaign. It has been widely believed that General MacArthur, with the support of the War Department, has favoured the policy of gradually liberating the islands occupied by the Japanese on the south-west fringe of her co-prosperity sphere before embarking on operations nearer Japan. Admiral Nimitz and the Navy Department, on the other hand, have been credited with the idea that both the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines should be by-passed and a base secured on Formosa, from which to conduct a direct assault on Japan. The present invasion of the Philippines may be regarded as a middle course. The landing on Leyte Island cuts the Philippines in two, and the Japanese fleet has been roughly handled by U.S. aircraft when it tried to intervene. The enemy, however, are believed to have upwards of 250,000 men on the islands, and the conquest of the whole group will take time.

The Belgian Crisis

The political crisis in Belgium, precipitated by Communist criticism of M. Pierlot, is the opening round in the struggle between the new revolutionary forces that have arisen throughout Europe under Nazi occupation and the groups wishing to return as nearly as possible to pre-war politics and economy. For these people, liberation has produced an emergency, not an opportunity, and such measures as they take to meet it are marked by a desire to be as moderate as the times permit. They are not, as is the case with the Left and much of the Liberal resistance, prepared to view the purge, the incorporation of partisan groups into regular army formations and the temporary state control of economic life as preliminaries to a more far-reaching programme of socialisation. Consequently, whatever the immediate issue may be, food, work, currency problems or the war effort, the Left will criticise the Government of the day for its inadequate or too timid policy. In Belgium, as elsewhere in Europe, the Communists have been greatly strengthened by their leadership in resistance, but this policy is deliberately one of reform and reconstruction: revolution in the sca'e sense is decisively rejected. Belgian Communists now feel that they have sufficient support from the Socialists and some Liberals to raise the suggestion of a *cartel des gauches* as an alternative to M. Pierlot's fusion of his London Government with the Resistance. The immediate reaction of the Ministry has been to prohibit meetings and demonstrations under a decree of May, 1940, and M. Pierlot has referred with some asperity to the Communist memorandum demanding a more vigorous and thorough-going war effort, purge, and domestic social policy. He may be able to postpone a break with the Left if he adopts some of these proposals to meet the rapidly deteriorating situation. But the essential differences about the future of the country will remain unresolved, since both sides are aware that the next few months are the formative period in which decisions once taken are unlikely to be easy to revoke.

Blitzed Currencies

Currencies, as well as cities, are among the ruins which will have to be rebuilt in liberated countries. The German forces of occupation paid for such things as they did not loot by printing notes. In Greece the process was carried to such lengths that the drachma has now no purchasing power at all. This simplifies the problem for the Greek Government. Since monetary tokens have lost all value, the only thing to do is to make a clean sweep, launch a new currency and demonetise the old notes. Much more complicated is the problem in countries like Belgium and France, where there has been only a moderate inflation (the Belgian note issue was trebled) under the Nazi regime, where the distinction between savings and "unpatriotic" war profits is harder to draw, and where the choice is to let prices rise before trying to stabilise foreign exchange levels, or to deflate in order to justify a relatively high external value for the currency. The Belgians have decided on the latter course. Having fixed an exchange rate of 176 frs. to the pound, the Government has enforced the surrender of all notes above 50 frs., no individual getting more in return than the equivalent of about £11 in new notes. In addition, 90 per cent. of all bank accounts has been "blocked" pending the collection of a drastic capital levy on war profits. After a time, part of the blocked money is to be released; but, even so, the purchasing power in the hands of the public will be enormously reduced, and since the black market (with fantastically high prices) figured largely in Belgian life, even for the purchase of necessities, there is at present real hardship. In France action cannot long be deferred if the franc is to be maintained at 200 to the pound. It was wise to fix this rate originally in order to curb spending by Allied troops; but it does not measure correctly the franc's real purchasing power; nor will it, unless a substantial proportion of the inflated note issue and existing bank deposits is "rubbed out."

The Basis of Reconstruction

Mr. Herbert Morrison has never been popular with the Trade Unions; but in his speech at Cardiff last Saturday he advocated forcefully almost exactly the same policy as was put forward in the Report on Post-war Reconstruction adopted unanimously a few days before by the Trades Union Congress. He rightly demanded a thorough overhaul of British methods of production and business organisation, as the prerequisite of "a rising standard of life and security for our people." He stressed the point that socialisation of itself "means nothing." It is "only a first step" towards that thorough technical reorganisation which has been obstructed under capitalism. In some industries—not a few—this means socialisation; but in many others the solution may lie in "a partnership between the State and those industries which remain in private ownership"—a partnership of which the principal task will be the execution of fundamental changes in technique. "I see no reason," said Mr. Morrison, "why we need wait a generation before we establish prosperity in Britain." Nor do we; but there is a world of difference between Mr. Morrison's conception of what is needed and the policy outlined in the Government's recent White Paper on Employment. The assumption of the White Paper was that private enterprise would be left in possession of the field, subject to Government measures to maintain the level of investment and to influence the location of industry in the interests of areas threatened with severe depression. This is a very different matter from the really planned economy—planned for the highest technical efficiency—which Mr. Morrison takes as his starting point.

Exports in Wartime

The export returns published last week-end by the Board of Trade merely put into definite figures what everyone already knew—that British exports have fallen off to a fraction of their pre-war quantity, which was itself greatly below the level of a generation ago. It used to be said that exports accounted for approximately a quarter of all British industrial production: in 1938 they still represented over one-tenth of the whole national income; in 1943 less than 3 per cent. There is nothing at all surprising in this last figure. Even if a large part of the world's markets had not been closed to us by German or Japanese occupation, we should have had no surplus of goods to export, though we might in fact have arranged our economy a little differently, in order to keep up supplies to friends and neutrals and draw from them goods for which we have been forced to produce substitutes at home. The case for the "export drive" which was started in 1940 disappeared with the institution of "Lease-Lend"; we had thereafter to aim not at keeping up total exports, but only at preserving certain export lines which were indispensable for political reasons, or because without them we could not get what we had to have from such areas as South America and Turkey, or because we could not starve countries, including our own Dominions and Colonies, of indispensable supplies. The official figures no doubt overstate the fall, by leaving out certain goods—not a few—sent overseas on Government account; but their purpose is, of course, to draw public attention to the immense task that will confront this country in rebuilding its overseas markets in order to pay for those imports which form a necessary element in our standard of living.

The T.U.C. and the German People

The Trade Union Congress's vote against a "tender" peace must not be misunderstood. In essence, what the Trade Unions were saying was that the Germans must not be allowed to escape contributing as far as possible to the reconstruction of the countries they have devastated and despoiled. Such a contribution clearly cannot be made except by the personal labours of the German people, partly in producing goods for export, but also partly, where they are wanted, in physical work of reconstruction in the devastated areas. This work cannot be done by individual war criminals alone (their punishment is altogether a different matter); it must be a service required of the German nation as a whole. The German people cannot escape collective responsibility; but that is a very different matter from branding them all individually as war criminals. The difference is important. Two conclusions follow from it. First, if Germans go to labour in the devastated areas, they must go as free workers. Secondly, it follows that, when they have shown their readiness to make the amends within their powers, they must be admitted, under new leadership, into the restored comity of nations—disarmed indeed, but not deprived of the means of using their talents for useful production and for peaceful exchange.

PARLIAMENT: When Tories Fall Out . . .

Wednesday evening

THE debate on the Committee stage of the Town and Country Planning Bill's new compensation clause—to which several drastic "landlords'" amendments had been put down—had the drama of a Big Occasion. Both sides of the House were well filled; so were the galleries; the Prime Minister himself arrived during W. S. Morrison's winding-up speech, which was competent and conciliatory—and, for once, made no concessions to the crusaders for Property.

For once, too, the Left had the exhilaration of seeing the Right sharply divided. The arch-champion of Property was Hore-Belisha, with whose name on the order-paper were associated those of some of the most extreme Conservatives—Petherick, Raikes, Manningham-Buller. For once, moreover, the young Tories showed some signs of strength: Peter Thorneycroft, one of their ablest members and himself a landowner, provided solid backbone for the Government's argument. He claimed, fairly enough, that whereas others were accepting the clause, *faute de mieux*, as a compromise, the Tory Reformers could be positively pleased with it as comforming with their own previous estimate of a just solution. He ridiculed Hore-Belisha for "out-conservating the Conservatives": "if he's not careful, he's

going to jump right over the Conservatives and end up among the Liberal Nationals!"

The star debaters on both sides were in prime form. Aneurin Bevan was at his most sardonic, castigating those who had landed the House in this "ugly" and "squalid" situation, challenging them to divide with, "If we're not going to divide after all this hullabaloo, it really is all a waste of time." (Indeed, no new arguments had been advanced all day.) He also wanted to know why there hadn't been a speech from Sir Patrick Hannon, whom he had discovered to be a member of the national executive of the Property-owners' Federation. After a die-hard intervention by a Tory mammoth, Erskine-Hill (who obstinately failed to grasp the simple difference between an owner whose house is his home and an owner whose houses are investments), Sir Patrick responded to Bevan's taunt with—to the general surprise and amusement—a fretful and passionate panegyric of Churchill: at such a moment it would be "a national misfortune" to "divide our counsels." This looked like surrender; but the division was insisted on. Both sides paid frequent lip-service to "our men fighting in Burma" and what they were supposed to want. They may be interested to know that fifty-eight M.P.s, mainly Tory, voted against the Government in the interest of property; for the Government voted 324, including the Labour Party and Sir William Beveridge (who was casting his first vote).

Apart from a ragged, impromptu, and ill-attended debate on Civil Aviation (the Government having refused to consult the House again on this subject before the forthcoming Chicago conference), Friday's debate on the Supplementary Vote of Credit was chiefly noteworthy for a long and important explanation by Hugh Dalton of the Government's policy on the disposal of Government war factories: most of these will not be sold but leased by the Government, not to the highest bidders but to the employers whose industries will be most needed in the areas concerned.

At question-time Grigg dealt suavely and sensibly with a large number of questions, answering in the affirmative when Petty Officer A. P. Herbert asked if it were now "possible to remove the bookstall from Parliament Square without danger to the State."

PONTIFEX MINOR

SOVEREIGNTY AND AIRWAYS

WHEN all is said, the touchstone of man's ability to organise peace is the degree to which nations are willing to surrender, in the communal interest, the rights of absolute sovereignty. World authority or recurrent war—that is the ultimate choice with which humanity is sharply confronted. If unabated claims to sovereign rights are maintained as in the past, no League Charter, no international Covenant or set of protocols, however all-embracing, will represent more than the legalistic cloak thrown over a temporary balance of power. Underneath, the old stresses and conflicts will continue until, with new alignments and groupings of forces, the balance is upset, and the fabric of World Agreements, clause spun on clause, is shattered like a cobweb by the aggressor's first bomb.

To this intractable problem of sovereignty there are two lines of approach—the political and the functional. In the political field (the term given to nations' claims to maintain navies, armies and air forces in defence of their security and interests) the results of Dumbarton Oaks show that progress towards the abatement of sovereignty is likely to be slow and doubtful. "Not till the fire is dying in the grate." At present, let the fact be faced, the embers of passionate nationalism are burning so hotly that the only World Authority to emerge from this war will be, in essence, a consortium of great, and heavily-armed, Powers whose unison is preserved, for the time being, by a common, over-mastering desire to have a taste of peace. In a world thus policed, the smaller Powers will not attack each other; but they will arm, as is their sovereign right, in case the policemen one day quarrel.

It is in the functional sphere, in matters in which it is possible to demonstrate how bread-and-butter depends on collaboration, that efforts to dethrone sovereignty may prove more fruitful. If the common man can be convinced that the exclusively national operation of processes and services which should be internationalised leads, not merely to dangerous rivalry and friction between States, but to inconvenience, waste and impoverishment, then he may yet be persuaded to prefer prosperity to "the flag." Here, in the fields, say, of communications and electrical energy, a beginning at least can be made. But, even here, it is becoming crystal clear that successful international collaboration involves international ownership, and that the attainment of this will necessitate cutting drastically through a tangle both of nationalistic pride and (still more obstructive) vested capital interests.

These considerations are highly pertinent to the plan for the ordering of post-war air transport (Cmd. 6561, price 1d.) which the British Government is presenting to the forthcoming Chicago Conference. The draftsman of this White Paper might well say that, like Ovid, he "sees and approves the better course, then chooses the worse." So far as technical matters are concerned—safety standards, meteorological procedure, rules of navigation, ground facilities and so forth—the principle of internationalism is accepted with gusto. Why not? Uniformity will clearly pay everybody, and no obvious national or investors' interest is prejudiced. But when it comes to the economic questions arising from civil aviation—questions involving national flags and the profits of this or that operating concern—the Air Convention which is proposed is calculated to give a new lease of life to all the evils of the past.

Not through blindness to their existence. The White Paper admits with disarming frankness that in the inter-war period the absence of international regulation in the economic field had deplorable results:

> The growth of air transport was conditioned by political rather than economic considerations and its development as an orderly system of world communications was impeded. . . . Any country on an international air route could hold operators of other countries to ransom even if those operators only wished to fly over or refuel in its territory; secondly, there was no means of controlling the heavy subsidisation of airlines which all too often were maintained at great cost for reasons mainly of national prestige or as a war potential; and thirdly, the bargaining for transit and commercial rights introduced extraneous considerations and gave rise to international jealousies and mistrust.

The remedy proposed is that there should be established, "in proper relation to a world security authority" (i.e. the Council dominated by the Big Three) an international air authority whose functions will be (*a*) to license national operators on international routes; (*b*) to determine total frequencies of service, and their apportionment as between national operators, on each route; and (*c*) to fix rates of carriage in relation to standards of speed and accommodation. The authority must also "collect and review information" about subsidies (though it is not stated what power it would have to suppress them), and it must provide for arbitration in matters of dispute.

Now the framework of broad principles within which the authority would begin to work is not in itself promising. The proposed Air Convention is to reaffirm "national sovereignty of the air." The freedom of the air is to extend only to the right of "innocent passage" and the right to land for non-traffic (fuelling or emergency) purposes. Sovereign States are to be entitled to reserve for their own operators all cabotage traffic within their frontiers, and to stipulate that foreign aircraft may embark or disembark only passengers and freight destined for or consigned from the aircraft's country of origin. The possibility of "negotiations" (less politely, hard bargaining) on these points is envisaged; but, if a nation clung, as it would be entitled to do, to its rights, the rational, economic use of aircraft capacity would be hopelessly distorted. For example, if Britain kept these reservations in force, no passenger or package could travel either to London or a Continental capital by an American aircraft which had called at, say, Glasgow *en route* from New York; and no traffic could be embarked here for the United States by any transatlantic aircraft belonging to France, Belgium or Holland. Repeat these stipulations in all countries, and a picture emerges either of aircraft invariably carrying less than their capacity, or of passengers on long voyages being compelled to make a whole series of wasteful and inconvenient changes of aircraft.

This economic irrationality, however, is in itself only one instance of the crop of troubles which spring from the cardinal defect in the British Government's approach to the problem, namely, retention of nationalities by operators. So long as the aircraft serving a route fly different national flags, pandering to emotions (real or fictitious) of patriotic pride and earning profits for competing national ownerships, so long will it be impossible to rationalise air transport as an "orderly system" by reference purely to common-sense, economic considerations. Whether the competing operators are normal capitalist companies like Pan-American, "chosen instruments" like the B.O.A.C., or State-owned as in the U.S.S.R., the regulation exercised by the international air authority is bound to be conditioned by the results of "pull devil, pull baker" among its constituent national delegates.

It is questionable whether an Air Convention on these lines will ever secure sufficient signatories. Accession by the U.S.S.R. is doubtful; France and the lesser Continental nations will be suspicious, and rightly, of an instrument controlled so largely by the United States and Britain, with their preponderance in air-bases and manufacturing potential; and American reaction to the plan has been at once to complain that it is conceived on "cartel," and therefore "un-American" lines. The U.S. operators, of course, own at present the lion's share of the world's civil aircraft; and their objection to the cartel principle is disingenuous: their hope is to scoop the pool in a "free for all." But the American epithet is, in fact, justified; the British Government, dependent on its majority of Tories, has put forward the only sort of plan for international "control" which hard-faced business men, determined to preserve vested interests—individual or national—understand.

It is idle to cry for the moon. So long as the United States is dominated by Big Business, the world-wide internationalisation of the ownership and operation of civil aircraft is unlikely. But a big step towards economic sanity would be taken if that policy were adopted jointly by the British Commonwealth and Europe, or even by Britain and her Continental neighbours alone. We had once an embryo of functional internationalism in the Wagons Lits which had a franchise across frontiers from Calais to Istanbul. If we are to avoid in Europe recurrence of a competitive anarchy in civil aviation, which would kill dead every hope of the more extensive integration of Europe and of its lasting political stability, the minimum safeguard is to establish a non-profit-making body to operate all inter-European air services in the public interest. As bitter experience in the British coal-mining industry has shown, "control" without ownership is meaningless and ineffective. The problem of conflicting sovereignties in the air can be solved only in socialist terms, internationally applied.

THE MOOD OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE

THE war in Europe is rapidly reaching a stage where emotional factors are beginning to outweigh purely rational considerations of strategy and policy. The mood and temper of the German people are becoming an increasingly influential element in the general pattern of things. Exposed to growing pressure from several sides, it may tip the balance this way or that and thus finally determine the course of events and the length of what remains of the fighting. There is nothing new in that. The mood and temper of the British people in 1940, their emotional and not their rational reaction, determined the course of the Battle of Britain. The Nazis have long grasped and appreciated that, and are constantly reminding their people of it. But there is, nevertheless, something tantalising in the fact that the nearness or distance of the end of this conflict should largely depend on the emotional condition of this emotionally most unbalanced and moodiest of peoples. But it is as well to face the fact. What Himmler and his gauleiters intend to do, we know, and it hardly needed the proclamation of the *Volkssturm* to make this intention clear beyond doubt. What we don't know but may know before long, is the reaction of the German people. One thing, however, seems certain. The Nazi Party is making a determined attempt to make sure that it is a purely emotional reaction and not one produced by reason and reflection.

Germany has lost the war. The Allies know it, the neutrals know it, the Nazis know it, and the Germans generally know it, too. There is no need for further argument. Allied radio and leaflet propaganda which explains to the Germans with so many facts and figures that they have no chance to win, which tries to convince them with logical arguments that further resistance is useless, at this stage merely preaches to the converted. German propaganda blandly retorts : we know all that perfectly well, we can figure it out for ourselves, and we assure you it makes not the slightest difference to our attitude. We are past the stage of rational calculation. We are now speaking in a different tongue, and it is one in which you, the Allies, cannot answer back.

There is, of course, something in this. Nazi propaganda, these last few weeks, has been very consistent in this line and has used every opportunity to deprive Allied political warfare of its arguments, to supply the answer even before the question has been put. It is almost as if the Nazi propagandists had systematically searched for all conceivable rational arguments which might give the German people a hope that they may yet win the war, and killed them, one by one. Faith in V1, V2 or secret weapons generally? Not a hope, says Goebbels. These weapons are quite good in themselves and they have admirably served their purpose, but only a fool could assume that they could or would win us the war. Quarrels in the Allied camp, disunity between Russia and the Anglo-Saxons? Not a chance, answers the Wilhelmstrasse spokesman. "The German Government is convinced that no clash between the enemies of Germany will develop. In Germany no one is suffering from the illusion that a military decision can be avoided." And if the German people asks what can prevent such a military decision from going against Germany, the answer is, with shattering cynicism : "On the rational plane of argument, nothing. We are outnumbered, we have been out-produced. That is not our fault ; it is nothing to be ashamed of. Besides, we are no longer on the rational plane. In this supreme hour it would be beneath us to waste our time arguing and calculating."

Yet there must still be a considerable number of people in Germany who stubbornly continue to reason and calculate. Nazi propaganda assaults them from all sides. Every effort is made to place the people on an exclusively emotional plane and to keep it there. There is hardly a talk nowadays on the German radio in which the people are not warned : don't reason and argue! Whatever you do, don't calculate. It only misleads you. These are great, historic days for the German nation, and they cannot be reduced to a simple two plus two makes four. What, if suddenly it does make five? How foolish you would look, how petty and unworthy of your destiny! After all, miracles have happened in this war. A miracle occurred in England in 1940, another at Stalingrad. Who can say for certain that there will not be one on the Rhine or at Koenigsberg? We are certainly entitled to believe in one. But even if there isn't one, it will make no difference to our attitude. We should still have been right in rejecting cold reasoning and petty calculation. For all that matters now is to experience to the full the overwhelming meaning of these great days.

The stubborn and, from a rational point of view, senseless German stand at Aachen was not at all surprising. It was a foregone conclusion that the Nazi commander would reject General Hodges' ultimatum. Aachen was the test for the feasibility of Himmler's policy of fighting yard for yard to the last corner of Germany, since reaffirmed in Hitler's *Volkssturm* proclamation and Himmler's inauguration speech. If Aachen, the first big German city assaulted by the Allies, had accepted the ultimatum, the whole conception would have broken down. If Aachen can surrender, Cologne and Frankfurt can surrender, too, and no good German need be ashamed of putting out a white pillow-case. On the other hand, if Aachen stands and has to be reduced house by house, then Cologne and Frankfurt may stand, too, the road to Berlin will be very long indeed, and it is just possible that something may happen to the Allies on the way. Finally, there was just a chance that Aachen might turn out to be another Stalingrad. It didn't, but the man in the street in Britain appreciated the position. "We should have done the same," was the general comment. "In fact, we did the same." What this argument overlooked was, of course, the fact that in 1940 Britain still had very considerable untapped resources of potential allies. To-day, in 1944, German reserves have been used up. There is no neutral power left which could come to Germany's assistance as Russia and the U.S. came to Britain's in 1941. Nevertheless, on the purely emotional plane, the spirit of Low's famous cartoon of June, 1940, "Very well, alone!" has a meaning and a message for the average German in his present mood.

What is this mood? We don't know. But one needs only to listen with some regularity to German radio output to gather what Nazi propaganda wishes to make it. It is certainly true, in a general sense, that just as certain types of emotional propaganda sooner or later produce a certain mood in a people, so they also reflect, to a degree, a mood already existing in an audience. German radio propaganda, these days, is heavy, solemn, tragically festive. All that is good, rich, pure in German music and literature is brought to the microphone to fill the people with an overwhelming sense of the greatness of their tradition, the beauty of their land, the splendour of their castles and cathedrals, the strength and expressiveness of their mother tongue. The cheap and the shoddy, the purely propagandist, has been discarded. There are no military marches in these programmes, not even much Wagner. There is Beethoven and more Beethoven, played superbly by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, there is Bach, Mozart, and Haydn, the pick of the best performed with an almost heartrending, immaculate perfection. All this interspersed with the finest and purest of German poetry, Goethe, Hoelderlin, the German romantics, beautifully spoken. The fields and meadows of the Fatherland are evoked, the forests, rivers and lakes, the blue sky, the snow-decked mountains, the laughter in the eyes of the children —miles of it, hours of it, surging up around the listener until it drowns him in a sea of emotion, enough of it to make a big lump rise in the throat of the most hardened cynic. Then suddenly the picture changes. A country ringed with fires on its frontiers emerges, assaulted on all sides by death and destruction, flames licking the sky, cathedrals and castles crashing, forests and fields a sea of fire, rivers and lakes red with the hot blood of the people—it is sheer intoxication, a note of festive serenity comes into it, of jubilation at the sacrifice, chants of praise and glory at the altar of the Fatherland, an orgy of self-immolation, drowned in oceans of surging classical music. And in all this not a word of National-Socialism, not a reference to the Führer. The appeal to the emotions, freed of all rational fetters and controls, is overwhelming, and he would be an astonishing German who is not, at least for the moment, swept off his feet.

What is to be done with a people while it is in such a state? There is no emotional counter-appeal which the Allies could use in order to cut short this fantastic orgy of self-immolation. The answer is probably that since things have, at least partly owing to the wrong approach of our own propaganda in the past, come to this pass, we must let them take care of themselves. Sooner or later, there is bound to be a sudden reaction, a sharp relapse in mood and temper. It is the essence of emotional upheavals such as the one through which the German people are now passing, that they are short-lived ; the mood of ecstasy cannot be kept at this high pitch for long—unless something happens that gives it fresh impetus. That something can only be a miracle, and it is for the Allies to see that no such miracle occurs through their fault or negligence. Once the reaction has set in, and it is likely to be violent, the United Nations will have their opportunity. Sense and reason, now despised and ridiculed, are likely to be eagerly listened to by a people sobering up after an emotional debauch. But sense and reason it must be, stated simply in terms of the economics and politics of daily life. Nothing else will deflate the Nibelung psychology which Goebbels has created Nothing else will effectively answer the slogan "Be happy while you fight ; better death than the Allies' peace!"

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to R. Gentles.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Duchess goes a mile under the sea to name pit pony.—Headline in *Daily Mail*.

Mr. Barclay says in his parish magazine : "I know a 'live church' in South London where a football service is held.

"The local football club members attend in their jerseys and miniature goal posts are erected over the pulpit. "When the vicar has preached for ten minutes someone blows a whistle and shouts half time.

"Everyone knows that a church run on 'stunts' is bound to fail," he concludes.—*Daily Mirror*.

For wilfully disturbing the peace of a householder by thumping three times on the door and then running away, George —— was fined at Tadcaster to-day. When seen by a police officer he replied, "Well, you have to have a bit of fun some time."—Report in *Yorkshire Evening Post*.

Clothes rationing had had a tremendous effect upon Eton. The clothing was largely second-hand, handed on from one to another via the tailors' clothing pool. "On the whole," he concluded, "I don't think the present Eton boy is really less tidy than his father, but there is no doubt that he is living in a much harder world."—*News Chronicle*.

A LONDON DIARY

I DO not expect a Polish settlement to be announced until after the Presidential elections. This time it will not be a walk-over for Mr. Roosevelt, and the State of New York is crucial. Most of the Polish population of the United States is concentrated near Buffalo in New York State, and a large and influential Catholic element is also likely to be affected by a Polish settlement. No settlement of the Polish frontiers, unless it gave most of Russia to Poland, would satisfy the demands of the more politically conscious Poles. The Presidential election has other repercussions on this side of the Atlantic: it was not until the Jewish vote in the Bronx looked like being important that the Jews were finally allowed to form a military brigade; and there are many children in Italy, which has only recently been considered eligible for U.N.R.R.A., who will grow up without rickets or tuberculosis because their relatives in America have votes on November 7.

* * *

Colonel Llewellin said the wrong thing when he decided to play the part of Father Christmas. Why insult our intelligence by the suggestion that Britain has suffered privations similar to those of most Continental peoples in this war? No excuse of the kind was necessary to justify the provision of a little extra Christmas cheer—and the pretence has annoyed a lot of people who write refusing to accept luxuries while hungry people have not necessities. Actually I'm told that the trifle of extra food that is coming to the British housewife this Christmas is an entirely negligible factor in the whole picture. It will not materially affect shipping or supplies to Belgium, Greece or anywhere else. In Belgium, where food is now an important political as well as social issue, transport is obviously the real problem. We have in this country plenty of food for the Belgians, but with a vast army to supply with every necessity for a great offensive, and the Germans desperately holding on to the ports, the transport situation is bound to be difficult. Another country which is shockingly in need of food is Greece. Food and war supplies would, I believe, have gone there in much larger amounts at an earlier stage if there had been no political prejudice in high quarters against the Greek resistance movement. But I am told, on authority I accept, that this is no longer a barrier, and that supplies now depend on finding enough of the right kind of shipping. It must be found quickly. And Yugoslavia's need is nearly as great as that of Greece.

* * *

Last Sunday I listened to the farewell programme of the French team who since the Armistice have spoken for the B.B.C. to their compatriots. (The official French wireless has taken over this work, and is broadcasting from London till its own transmitters are repaired.) The work of Jacques Duchesne and his colleagues will, I think, become an historic model of propaganda. Wit, invective, pathos; Duchesne's uncanny sense of what his audience must be suffering; Pierre Maillaud's intellectual strength and impressive voice; the infectious confidence of *Les Trois Amis;* the popular tunes carrying slogans—I can imagine future psychologists analysing the various elements. For everyone I have seen from France tells me that the effectiveness of these broadcasts cannot be exaggerated. The French, from great writers like Mauriac and Claudel to remote villagers, listened with an almost religious devotion. This was the daily ration of hope, necessary for life. The British Government and the B.B.C. deserve great credit for the independence they allowed to this French team, who were encouraged to speak not for England but for France. And all of us, English and French, owe an inestimable debt to this little band which did so much to preserve the friendship between the two peoples. There were, of course, English men and women working with the French team, notably Darsy Gillie, who is now going to Paris for the *Manchester Guardian;* and when the full story is told, it will prove how happily French and English can work together.

* * *

I was glad to hear a responsible B.B.C. commentator flatly contradict sensational stories about conditions in Southern France. He had been to see for himself and reported a remarkable and rapid progress in a situation of great economic and transport difficulty. Nothing here to confirm hair-raising stories of "Bolshevism" running riot, armed Communists setting up local Soviets, shooting their opponents out of hand, and so forth. On the contrary he gave a favourable report of properly conducted legal trials of alleged collaborators. We should by now be on our guard against this Red Menace business. It always happens when Continental politics take a turn that our press proprietors dislike. In this case it emanates, I suppose, from café gossip with the same type of frightened French bourgeois who fought against democracy in France before the war, gave Hitler a free hand, rejoiced in Franco's war, and were not too active in resisting German occupation.

* * *

I wish I had heard the comments of some of the dog and pool fans who usually took their tips from the *Leader*, when last week, instead of the familiar sporting sheet, they received a finely produced illustrated magazine with a red cover framing a reproduction of Botticelli's Venus. Since no one may start a new paper during the war Mr. Hulton has bought an old one and transformed it. In effect Britain has a new up-to-date illustrated weekly. It includes contributions by many well-known writers, some of them especially familiar to NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers. If anyone objects to the *Leader* starting ahead of many competitors who are planning new and enlarged publications after the war, I urge him to start bothering the Ministry of Information for more paper both for the improvement of existing magazines and for the production of new ones. (Books included, of course.) The demand for reading matter is great; it will be vast at the end of the war, and if British publishers cannot start soon they will be edged off the bookstalls by the host of magazines with which American publishers hope to flood the post-war British market. It has been difficult enough for Britain to get going against Hollywood's flying start in films. No reason to repeat the story in the case of magazines. Why not flood the American market with British periodicals?

* * *

Looking out over the Embankment Gardens at the long stretch of hugger-mugger buildings on the south bank of the Thames, I get increasingly pleased with the nondescript pattern. There is the comic Red Lion with his big tail hanging decorously down; the garish *News-Chronicle* advertisement, the Shot Tower, several factory chimneys, mud-banks at low tide going up to ancient wharves, Waterloo Station, the L.C.C., St. Thomas' Hospital, an astounding number of unidentifiable roofs and towers and oddments of every height and type. To the left, splendidly centralised by the sharp bend of the Thames, is St. Paul's, still bidding defiance to bombs, silhouetted in the morning as the sun rises behind it, and fading out in mist as the sun sets in cloud behind the dismal block of Charing Cross Station. But on the north bank of the river the buildings are modern and imposing. Shell-Mex, Electra and Brettenham Houses, Unilevers, the massive erection that took the place of the old Adelphi—these are modern architecture, proud of its streamlines and its absence of fuss. And most modern of all, Waterloo Bridge, with its flat and delicate arches, carries the eye from the modernity of steel and concrete to the doomed and uneconomic muddle of South London.

* * *

There is nothing wrong with Waterloo Bridge? No, it's not fussy. But then the old Waterloo Bridge was lovely and not fussy either. And I must confess that each day I get more tired of the colourless and unrelieved span of Morrison's bridge. And I get very tired of the line of modern buildings on the north bank and not at all tired of the variety of the squalid south bank. No doubt it is largely a question of the distant as opposed to the close view. If we do indeed have the L.C.C. plan with trees and boulevards instead of Shot Tower and the Red Lion I'll rejoice. But if both banks are stern, modern, and strictly functional, I prophesy a quick reaction. Perhaps architecture needs more than stark lines and no fuss. No fuss is better than bad fuss. But a total lack of fuss—or decoration—is, I'm beginning to suspect, a lack of imagination rather than a sign of fine artistic sensibility to line and form.

* * *

Those who hold the more extreme theories of the special depravity of Germans, as such, are presented with the awkward problem of General Eisenhower, who, according to current gossip, intervened at a recent staff meeting which was discussing German reactions, with the remark that "as the only German present," he ought to know something of the subject. If he was the only staff officer of Germanic origin present it would be surprising. Go through the list of top generals and the war looks like a civil war. Apart from Eisenhower, Mountbatten, Nimitz and Spaatz are other obvious examples. The conclusion of course is that men are the product not of their "blood," but of their training and environment.

CRITIC

POT-LUCK AT THE KREMLIN

"Mr. Churchill has once more in the interests of the Grand Alliance exposed himself to the dangers of an autumnal journey and the ardours of Muscovite hospitality."—*Observer*, Oct. 22.

When statesmen fly to a vital meeting
For the global weal of the human race,
State hospitality follows greeting
And ceremonial feasts take place.
A banquet cannot be flashed by cable,
The bonds that last must be forged at table—
The statesman's task is the task of eating,
When friend with fighting friend keeps pace.

The White House feast is a small collation
With scalloped lobster and clam broth clear,
Where chicken *créole* aids conversation,
And planked shad lightens the task severe,
Where strawberry shortcake and gorgeous ices
Sweeten the statesmen's sacrifices.
But greater ardours of mastication
Await in the Eastern Hemisphere.

There are strains and stresses gastronomic,
Endured for the salving of all mankind,
When the guest is served by the host Slavonic,
And none of the dishes may be declined.
There are stricter tests, there are sterner ardours
When the feast wells forth from the Kremlin larders,
And the burden of banqueting seems more chronic,
With fronts and frontiers to be defined.

There are Chlodniks, Kabobs and Stschi to swallow,
Sturgeon fresh from the Caspian coast,
Bortsch and truffles and carp to follow,
And Russian bitocks, the Kremlin's boast.
The valiant visiting stomachs wrestle
With oyster and caviare, Moscow Special,
Till the void is filled and the dish is hollow,
And each course is crowned with a comrade's toast.

And hope for the future is visibly brightened
As statesmen strive in the Kremlin hall,
The cloud of suspicion (if any) is lightened,
And problems into perspective fall.
The bonds of friendship are forged and tested,
The indigestible is digested,
The belt is loosened, but ties are tightened
When statesmen dine for the good of all.

SAGITTARIUS

BRITAIN, RICH OR POOR?

I. What Can We Afford?

When the Financial Secretary to the Treasury asked Parliament last Friday to "steel itself" to the news that £24 billions had already been "spent" on the war, he was firing one more preliminary shot in a battle which will involve every major aspect of reconstruction. The argument, foreshadowed by cautionary mutterings in the Conservative press, turns on the question whether this country can, after all, "afford" the carrots which the Coalition has dangled in front of the public nose. What does "afford" mean? It can mean many different things. It can mean, for example, how much in the way of goods we can afford to import from abroad for purposes of consumption at home. That question leads straight on to a discussion of our prospective balance of payments, of the outlook for our export trades, of the extent of our loss of income from overseas investments, of the handling of our external indebtedness accumulated during the war. Or it can mean, quite differently, how much revenue can the State afford to raise by way of taxation, for use either in expanding the social services or in undertaking works of public development. That leads on to an argument about the limits of taxable capacity, the effects of high taxation on business enterprise, and the effects of redistribution itself on the incentive to work and on the terms of collective bargaining. Or again, it can mean—and this is the most significant meaning by far—how much can we produce in the form of useful goods and services with the aid of the man-power and of the physical resources that will be at our disposal when the war is over?

To not one of these questions can there be a plain, uncontroversial answer. Some of the disputants will dwell on the immense increase in production that has taken place during the war, despite the vast withdrawal of man-power from productive labour, and will pertinently ask why total production should not be much higher still when the fighters and their attendants come back to work. Why not, indeed? Yet the matter is not so simple after all. War output has been very great, despite depleted man-power, because we have been turning out huge quantities of highly standardised war products and, in the civilian sector, stamping out variety and telling the consumers to make do with what they have been able to get. In all industries, except for war products, we have depleted stocks both of finished goods and of materials and components of every sort; and, what is more, we have deliberately let plants grow obsolete without replacements or renewals. We have, no doubt, built a host of great war factories and equipped them lavishly with new plant; but these factories cannot be simply turned over to making the goods which people will want under the conditions of peace. Some of them will be fit only for scrapping; others will need extensive conversion before they can be of use.

It is certain that, whatever great technical advances may have been made as a consequence of the war, most industries in the immediate post-war period will be not more but less efficient than they were in 1939. There may be exceptions; but the running down of plant, the dispersal of skilled man-power, and the lack of recent expenditure on improvements will make this unavoidable in most civilian trades—to say nothing of the tendency of managers and workers alike to go slow for a time as a reaction against the strain and overtime of more than five years of war. It took some years after the last war to get back to pre-war output per head; and this time the strain has been considerably greater, and normal civilian production has been much more disturbed than it was in 1918. In the short run, then, we are almost certainly in for a period of low productivity and inefficiency of productive equipment, which the technical advances made in the war trades will do little to alleviate. This means that, even if demobilisation and release of war factories proceed quickly, there will be for some considerable time a shortage of civilian goods.

This, however, relates only to the short run. In the longer run, the discoveries of wartime will react powerfully on productive capacity—if we choose to take advantage of them. They will be particularly helpful, if we choose, in enabling us rapidly to make up our arrears of capital equipment and to supply our industries with really up-to-date plant. To do this will, of course, involve a high rate of investment—that is, of real capital accumulation—for a few years after the war; and to that extent we shall be postponing the instant satisfaction of consumers' needs. The postponement, however, will be more apparent than real; for we cannot effectively re-employ the workers in making consumers' goods until we have supplied them with modern factories and plant for the purpose.

But . . . will this rapid re-equipment of industry for enlarged production actually be achieved? The will of private industrialists to acquire new plant is limited not only by their fear of having too much plant to match the absorptive capacity of a restricted market, but also by their reluctance to have their existing plant rendered plainly obsolete. At the end of the war, we shall be admirably placed for using our greatly expanded machine-tool industry to re-equip our factories on the most scientific lines; but the will of private capitalism to use this chance, or allow it to be used, will be limited by its estimates of the profit to be derived from expansion. Many trades will probably prefer to make good profits with old machinery during the period of scarcity, and will be actively hostile to the creation of new and more efficient plants which they will regard as likely to produce conditions of "redundancy" when the emergency is at an end. If such influences are allowed to have their way, the machine-tool industry will be disbanded without carrying through the major re-equipment that is needed; and the great chance will be lost.

In terms of total man-power, we shall probably have about the same number of workers after the war as we had in 1939. The raising of the school-leaving age will reduce the supply of juveniles; casualties will react on the numbers of men in the younger age-groups: more women out of every hundred in the population will probably seek "gainful employment" than did before the war; there may be a tendency towards either earlier or later retirement, according to the terms of social security legislation that is still to come. With several uncertain factors, it seems most likely that the total number of workers will not have undergone much change. But it is certain that the average age will be a good deal higher, and that there will be a shortage of juveniles and young men.

This means, on the face of it, a less adaptable labour force, at a time when the need for adaptability will be very great. We have, however, to reckon against this the lessons in adaptability that have been learnt in the Services and in the war industries; and probably the balance is favourable on the whole. With a total labour force of about the same size as before the war, clearly prospects of greater wealth depend on higher productivity per worker—including fuller employment as well as higher output while at work. Full employment we shall need because we shall have no labour to waste if we mean to be tolerably well off; and higher hourly or daily production is well within our grasp as soon as war weariness has worn off and industry has been reasonably re-equipped. That is, it is within our grasp technically, if we are alive to, and overcome, the social and political obstacles.

The Russian Five-Year Plans succeeded not only because they had the full power of a State in control of industry behind them, but also because those who made them had a clear notion of what they were setting out to do. Making a plan of production involves knowing what you want to get produced; and what you want to get produced depends on what you are aiming at in terms of consumption. The re-equipping of British industry is not merely a technical, but also a social and political problem. The kind of equipment that is needed depends on the distribution of the incomes with which the products are to be bought; it depends on the prospective conditions and arrangements of foreign trade; it depends on the levels aimed at in production both of armaments and of public amenities and services as well as of ordinary consumers' goods.

We have therefore to approach the question another way, and to ask what sort of production programme those responsible for reconstruction will be having in mind. How rich or poor we shall be as a nation depends very much on what sorts of things we set out to produce. If we go back to the extremes of spendable income that existed before the war, it will be impossible to avoid going back to the immense variety of products that were designed to catch the fancies of consumers with surplus money to spend. But this extravagant diversity of products, with its accompaniments of competitive advertising and display, stands right in the way of any scientific attempt to cheapen goods all round by turning out, in sufficient variety, standardised utility articles. It also effectively prevents any real price-control; whereas control can be applied quite easily, by means of costing systems, to standard products amply diverse enough to meet all reasonable tastes. An approach to greater equality of incomes is itself, for this reason as for many others, a great help towards increasing the volume of real wealth. It has also the great advantage of steadying demand, thus making for more regular employment.

This is as much as to say that it is almost meaningless to talk about productive power, or how rich or poor we shall be in terms of it, in the abstract; for productive power is relative to the uses to which it is applied. How much we can afford depends very largely on what sort of things we set out to afford; how big our national income will be depends on how we set out to distribute it and how we attempt to make it up. Immediately after the war there will be a scarcity which good policy can mitigate, but not avoid; but thereafter our wealth or poverty will be mainly the outcome of the good or bad social and economic policies which we elect to pursue.

(To be continued)

R.I.P. AIMEE

On August 13 last I saw Aimee Semple McPherson put on her weekly show at the Angelus Temple in Los Angeles. Recently in London I read in the newspapers of her death.

When I arrived in Los Angeles—a British officer in uniform—the Ladies Entertainment Committee asked what I would like to see in addition to Hollywood and the Biltmore Hotel. I said I would like to see Aimee Semple McPherson. They looked down their noses in rather a superior manner, but the secretary was good enough to telephone the Temple and reserve a seat for me.

So, after doing the rather dreary Hollywood round, enlivened for me by Gracie Fields, Monty Banks, her husband, and the coming film man, Orson Welles, I jumped into a taxi and was deposited at ten minutes to seven at the doors of the Angelus Temple. It is rather an impressive building at 1100 Glendale Boulevard, one block south of Sunset. It is a smaller and cheaper Albert Hall, seating only 7,000. There is a powerful radio station, K.F.S.C., all Sister's Shows being broadcast on her network.

The hall was crowded, the band, gorgeously arrayed, was in full blast; fifty maidens, clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful, marched in procession down the auditorium on the right flank and fifty males, also clad in splendiferous white—like the White Knights—advanced on the left flank. These were Sister's bodyguard, the institution being co-ed.

The music died away, the audience lapsed into tense silent expectation, the lights went down, the limelight, the spotlight, the searchlight, concentrated on the right spot—on the curtains, which parted, revealing to the gaze of the rapt audience, the Pastor, President and Founder.

The basis of the service was essentially Hot Gospel, though some might dub it Hot Jazz. It was, according to Aimee, "spirit filled." It was certainly Four Square, though the Angelus Temple itself is circular, with five thousand free seats as advertised.

Aimee was strong on "guest speakers," among them being Rev. (Cyclone) Jackson (subject: Greatest Man in the World, and God's Final Call to You); Dr. H. W. Cooksey (subject: The Bride's Statement Concerning Christ); Rev. Mrs. Hal Smith (subject: Healing—Condition of Obtaining); and others.

Aimee and her methods do not, I think, differ greatly from those of similar and more familiar gospellers, revivalists and evangelists. There was the usual American emphasis on gaudy uniforms; the services are advertised as "shifts," a sort of round the clock programme; there are auxiliaries-Junior High Four Square Crusaders, the Deaf Mute section, the Friday "All Night of Prayer," the Los Angeles Band, garbed in rich array and the "Dramatically Illustrated Sermon—Humpty Dumpty."

Apart from these normal ebullitions of emotional instability, which, though rather startling to an Englishman, are really quite normal in America, I came away deeply impressed by the personality (as viewed from the audience) of the Pastor, President and Founder.

Her picture depicts her as a beautiful woman of thirty-three—I believe she was fifty-three. Her followers are her devotees; she is the matriarch, though she would not have liked the term. Freud and Jung would have revelled in analysing her peculiar psyche. She was an entrepreneur of magnificent calibre; she was not "God's Greatest Saleswoman" as the irreverent termed her; she was Aimee Semple McPherson's greatest saleswoman, and at a very good price. She had all the common craving for admiration, success, wealth, but she had the uncommon faculty of achieving them entirely off her own bat. Whether she was a humbug extrovert, or an advanced introvert, or both, I do not know. But she was a creative saleswoman, a dominating personality, who built up a marvellous money-spending one-woman business in the teeth of persecution and jeers. I should be interested to know how much she left, or if she spent it as she earned it. And who will take over this flourishing business "Four Square Gospel Inc."?

While I sat there pondering over these matters and watching Aimee out of the corner of my sceptical eye, an usher approached and whispered in my ear. I caught only a few words, but they cast a chill fear over me. He was asking me to join the Leader on the platform and to take part with her in some ceremony or other. Perhaps she had spotted the British officer in his uniform in the front row, and had instantly decided to sell him to the audience, an extra on the programme.

I rose and followed the usher up the aisle, wondering how I should escape from this dreadful and imminent trap into which my idle curiosity had led me. I weakly followed the man round the back to the passage which led to the stage. Suddenly the magic letters "EXIT" at the end of a corridor caught my fevered eye. I dashed down it and ran up the Glendale Boulevard, panting with the exertion and relief.

I had escaped from what would have been a very bad quarter of an hour for me, however satisfactory it might have been for Aimee. G. R.

"THE CIRCLE"

The Circle has taken its place along with *Hamlet* and *Love for Love* in the first season of the Haymarket Theatre Repertory which will close on November 25. It is, as older playgoers will remember, a cynical comedy, and the first of Somerset Maugham's really good plays. They will also recall that when first staged, in March, 1921, Lottie Venne played to perfection the part of "Naughty" Lady Kitty, that once radiant reckless Victorian beauty, and Mr. Thesiger the part of her fussy self-centred son, Arnold Champion Cheney, M.P.; with his nervous insistence on order and convention everywhere (natural enough after a boyhood made wretched by the scandalous notoriety of his mother) and his congruous love of eighteenth century "interiors." That remarkable first performance of the play had only one defect, which this reproduction remedies. Miss Fay Compton as Elizabeth Champion Cheney (Arnold's young wife) failed to present her as restless, and intense. I take up this old lapse in the career of an actress who went on to give us many admirable exhibitions of her art and who is now at her zenith, because it enables me to hail the young actress, Rosalie Crutchley, who now plays Elizabeth. I watched her carefully; I feel sure that she has a distinguished future. To-day, Mr. Gielgud is the prim, nervous husband and Miss Yvonne Arnaud the over-blown ridiculous Lady Kitty, fighting a lost rear-guard action against time. Her delightful French accent is, of course, quite out of character, but she puts so much spirit into the part, such a gay recognition of what is ludicrous and pathetic in it that the audience is enraptured with Kitty's absurdities and tears. If she tends to act a little too much for *them* and not for the scene as a whole—well, that only disappoints a connoisseur in the art of the stage, and of such there are only a few in any audience. Mr. Gielgud made an admirable tense prig with a grievance. I do not understand why my colleague Mr. Agate denies his gift for comedy: his Joseph Surface was far the best I ever saw.

Let me remind you of the play itself; it is, as I said, a cynical comedy, the first play by Somerset Maugham in which he exhibited uncompromisingly that estimate of human nature in general to which his best fiction had already owed its force. Cynicism is, of course, a vague term. What I mean by it is scepticism in regard to the depth and persistence of human affection, a conviction that men and women are competitive, ostentatious and selfish, and only superficially and erratically capable of disinterested sympathy; that time in the end gets the better of even the most intelligently self-seeking, though some consolation, *pro tem*, can be found in the amusements of luxury and the security of wealth. It is a point of view which bleakly stated is rejected by many who nevertheless act upon it. It has inspired more French than English writers. It is not, however, by any means intolerable to some who believe that to take a good look at the baseness of human nature is the best means towards honouring what is lovable in it.

Thus the cynic himself may not be as cynical as those he shocks. This, I think, is true of both Maupassant and Maugham.

When the curtain goes up on the drawing-room of the Champion Cheney's eighteenth-century country house (the decor is admirable) this young couple are faced with an extremely delicate situation. Elizabeth, after a good deal of domestic pressure, has at last succeeded in persuading her husband to allow her to invite her mother-in-law with Lord Porteous, who ran off with her thirty years ago. Arnold has not seen his mother since. Elizabeth has conceived a romantic idea of Lady Kitty, of her beauty and courage. She is bored and restless in her own marriage, and has a mind to a manly young tea-planter. One who dared all for love must be, she thinks, a wonderful woman. Unfortunately, Arnold's father arrives from Paris quite unexpectedly, while the old guilty couple, who have lived socially ostracised abroad, are motoring down. Elizabeth explains the situation to Arnold's father, who takes it calmly and seems inclined to withdraw. But he changes his mind when he gets a glimpse into his daughter-in-law's mind. The comedy which follows is admirable and a terrible disillusionment for Elizabeth. Instead of a sad, lovely, dignified heroine, Lady Kitty is a merry, silly, spasm-minded old creature, while her lover who sacrificed a glorious political career for her, is a testy, nagging old man. Their flaring love-affair has guttered down into a sordid sort of marriage, and Mr. Champion Cheney (excellently played by Mr. Trouncer) takes every opportunity of stimulating squabbles between them, as an object lesson, a warning, to his romantically inclined daughter-in-law. She is depressed, especially by Lady Kitty's confession that though at first her elopement had been glorious, on the whole it had been a great mistake. But in spite of that, and in spite of advice which Mr. Champion Cheney gave to his son and he to the last thinks has done the trick, she bolts with her young colonial. The old lovers are moved to tears and laughter by an incident which recalls their own first careless raptures, though they know the young ones are fools. The play ends with the three old people laughing on the same sofa, for Champion Cheney has joined them to explain how he had succeeded in detaching Elizabeth from her lover. Is it a happy ending? Has the world been well lost for love this time? Or was the downy old Champion Cheney right? There is in the play no answer to these questions. It is not a full stop, but a recurring decimal dot. Life repeats itself; experience does not make for wisdom; men and women revolve "in a circle." It is a good play, full of laughter, some pity—for lost charms at any rate—and acute observation.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

FOUR EXHIBITIONS

THE London Group exhibition at Burlington House represents painting of just the sort that would dominate the Royal Academy if this institution had remained faithful to the admirable purpose for which it was founded. That is to say that most of the pictures are careful, scholarly, traditional and unalarming, while a few more experimental works are included by artists whose abilities have already for long been generally recognised. Unluckily the Royal Academy has for long neglected the duty of championing tradition, preferring to reflect passing fashions. And needlessly. For several Societies and Institutes already provide lavishly for that prosperous public which likes shiny pictures of its expensively dressed matrons and its favourite beauty-spots. Indeed the R.I.O.P. exhibition, also at Burlington House, is just what we see there every summer. As the Royal Academy has become thus unacademic, it is evidently needful that some other body should act in its place. Whether the history of the London Group calls it to this task is another question. A more appropriate substitute seems the New English Art Club, whose present exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries does in fact display the unruffled calm that characterises the academic artist in every age. (Though it contains many skilful and some sensitive works, I could detect none that expressed any intensity of feeling.) The London Group, on the other hand, used to encourage youthful audacity; and now that it has sobered, there is no organisation for displaying art of the more experimental order. This seems to me a pity; and I cannot but wish that the painters of the old Euston Road School had infiltrated into the New English Art Club—their natural home, as it seems to me—instead of capturing, as they obviously have, that historic outpost, the London Group.

If the conservatism of the London Group members has excluded much work that we should like to see, it has provided a highly agreeable exhibition. The general run of the pictures may be on the same unassuming level as at the New English, but there are a dozen or so finely personal and exciting works. Three painters in particular deserve careful attention. Mr. Ivon Hitchens is represented at his best: his art has been gaining in certainty, and his pictures, even if they may seem a little out of place in such demure company, seem to me the peaks of the exhibition. Then there are two pictures by Mr. Pasmore, which reveal a remarkable development in his style. Both are beautifully painted, and one (the better, I think) confesses a debt to Whistler and through him to the Japanese. An ill-chosen frame cannot disguise the decorative and nostalgic charm of this burnished study of light on water, with, in the foreground, vaguely Victorian figures that suggest Chinese ideographs. The handling, smoother than was Mr. Pasmore's

wont, and the composition are alike exquisite. Third, there is Mr. Geoffrey Tibble, whose work I have watched with continually disappointed hope since he exhibited, with Mr. Moynihan, a series of pictures in which every vestige of form had been sacrificed to texture. Mr. Tibble's three pictures at the London Group seem to me highly impressive. The subjects are Sickerty interiors, the refined colour owes much to Degas. But the effect is not imitative; and I think we may now look with confidence to his future performance. I found no other surprises in the exhibition, but it contains good work by such artists as le Bas, Moynihan, Mary Potter, Tunnard, Uhlman, Daphne Chart, Angelica Garnett (an unfamiliar name) and Nina Hamnett, a most accomplished painter whose work we see much too rarely. An Adoration of the Magi by Mr. Duncan Grant presents delightfully Italianate groups against a rather woolly Southdown background. There are also pleasant works by a number of Polish artists who, like the English, are more distinguished by sensibility than by invention or intellectual vigour.

I have room only for a word of heartfelt gratitude to Messrs. Wildenstein for risking an exhibition of eighteenth and nineteenth century French masters. Watteau, Hubert Robert, Fragonard (a wonderful early landscape in the Dutch tradition), Corot (a fine little early landscape), Monet, Manet, Sisley (each especially at the *Champ de trèfle*), Pissarro, Seurat (one of the oil sketches) and the youthful Bonnard. How refreshing (and for that matter how necessary for the critic) to revive one's memories of what painters can do!

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE MOVIES

"The Conquering Hero," at the Plaza
"Strange Incident" and "Turksib," at the London Film Institute Society
"Between Two Worlds," at Warner's
"Fiddlers Three," at the New Gallery

Someone has written asking why, in reviewing films, I don't pay more attention to the director. The complaint surprises me; for the one name I always seize hold of—to the neglect of actors, cameramen, script-writers, set-designers, producers, editors, cutters, etc.—is the director's. I look for that, wrongly, perhaps, in some cases, as I do for the author's name on a book; and to indulge a habit, I am putting first on the list a film that I shan't have seen until after this article is finished. *The Conquering Hero* is by Preston Sturges.

There isn't, it is true, a great deal of competition among other new films. *Between Two Worlds* is an up-to-date version of *Outward Bound*, which in general improves on the original except for coming ten years later. The dead who don't know it are killed in a blitz almost as other-worldly as the liner in which they are to make their journey: two of them, however, suicide lovers, return to a gas-filled room with air streaming in through a broken pane, just in time to escape judgment. Luckily for them. The punishment for suicide—perpetual stewardship on one of these liners—seems excessively harsh; and even Edmund Gwenn, after ten thousand trips or so, looks as though an occasional "Good man, good man," from the Examiner isn't consolation enough. The entrance of the Examiner, by the way, is brilliantly prepared to make us uneasy—this moment that shall be both awe-inspiring and humdrum—and our knowledge that the Examiner will be Mr. Sidney Greenstreet takes away nothing from curiosity. I couldn't help wishing that this show-down, like so many others, had been brought about by gangsters (John Garfield, George Colouris and Fay Emerson are in the cast). However, this time it's not gangsters but angels.

Fiddlers Three relies frankly on magic to whisk us back into ancient Rome. Tommy Trinder and Sonnie Hale enjoy themselves as a couple of sailors who spend their leave in the court of Nero, and the fun is neat and lively without being, I thought, particularly funny. They prophesy, they disguise themselves as slave girls, they are invited to an orgy and almost get eaten by lions. The director is Harry Watt, but the name doesn't carry the weight it should.

The London Film Institute Society meets every month at the Academy on a Monday evening. *The Italian Straw Hat* had been put down originally for this month, but owing to technical difficulties its showing is postponed till November. We enjoyed instead a film that there has been little seeing since its hole-in-the-corner appearance here last year. William Wellman's *The Ox-Bow Incident*, renamed *Strange Incident* before being tucked away, relates a grim little episode in Nevada in the Eighties. Two strangers wandering into a village one afternoon are pressed into a hue-and-cry that ends in the lynching of three innocent men, and after it is all over they ride away; the same dog shambles across the street that had greeted—or failed to greet—their arrival. The detail of this film is astringent—the reason, I suppose, why it has been hushed up—but it is in its way as remarkable a film as *Grapes of Wrath*. In the same programme *Turksib* revived one's affection for an old favourite that is beginning, alas, to show its years.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

DUMBARTON OAKS

SIR,—The time is ripe for public opinion to make up its mind about what should be British policy for converting the Dumbarton Oaks proposals into an international authority capable of preserving world peace, and to press its views on M.P.s and candidates of all parties. Herewith in brief are three proposals on which it may be suggested public opinion might concentrate. (1) The Dumbarton Oaks Conference split on the Anglo-American desire that a State that was party to a dispute should have no vote, as against the Russian insistence that the unanimity of the permanent members of the Council was necessary in all circumstances.

The way out of this difficulty is on the one hand to accept the Russian principle that the Council can decide on the action appropriate to deal with a threat to or disturbance of the peace of nations only by a unanimous vote of its permanent members plus a vote of the majority of the other members, and on the other by the acceptance of the principle of universal compulsory judicial settlement of disputes. The constitution of the new organisation should provide that all disputes not settled by agreement between the parties (assisted if any party so wished by a commission of conciliation, or the good offices of the Council) within one year of its first being drawn to the attention of the Council, may be referred by any party to the Court and the Court's decision should be final and accepted by all the State-members of the United Nations.

If the Court were made the final arbiter, the action of the Council would become essentially a matter of mediation and negotiation, of inducing the parties to try conciliation or arbitration, or in the last analysis of making a report, and, if it were not accepted by the parties, helping them to frame the issues to be submitted to the Court in such a way as to narrow the area of disagreement as much as possible. If the Council's role in handling disputes were limited to activities of this kind by the right of ultimate appeal to the Court, and if the principle were rigidly maintained that any disturbance of the peace should be dealt with by Council action requiring the unanimous vote of the Great Powers and a majority of the temporary members, the Council could well deal with disputes by the procedure of majority voting.

It will be observed that the proposed reference of disputes in the last analysis to the Court ignores the distinction between "justiciable" and so-called "non-justiciable" disputes. Dr. Lauterpacht in the *Function of Law in the International Community* demonstrates that the distinction is purely artificial and merely means that governments prefer to leave unsettled disputes about which they feel strongly, so as to remain free to uphold their view of their rights by force rather than accept third-party judgment. That is why the small Powers have always been the champions of compulsory arbitration and why the great Powers have generally opposed that principle.

(2) The Assembly should, it is submitted, be an inter-parliamentary body composed of representatives elected by their national legislatures by proportional representation. Each representative should have a vote and the size of the delegations elected by national parliaments should vary on a scale similar to that employed for allocating national contributions to the budget of the new organisation (from say a minimum of three to a maximum of forty).

The Assembly should have the right, as in the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, to discuss and make recommendations about any subject it chooses within the competence of the organisation, but its powers of decision should be limited to the admission of new members, the election of temporary members to the Council and related subjects, and the voting of the budget (which carries with it determining the main lines of the programme of work of the organisation).

The Dumbarton Oaks Conference proposes that the Assembly should vote the budget, admit new members and elect temporary members to the Council by two-thirds majorities and that the States-members should be represented in the Assembly by their Governments, great and small States alike having one vote each.

The paradoxical result of this arrangement would be that the great Powers, which between them pay most of the budget (the United Kingdom alone paid one-tenth of the League budget; the British Empire, totalling seven votes with the Dominions, the Irish Free State and India, paid one quarter), could be outvoted by a two-third majority of small Powers. The Latin Americans, for instance, could muster 23 votes to five for the great Powers. The Latin American bloc could join with Central European and Asiatic groups of States, all needing loans and one-way lease-lend, to vote budgets for programmes of international reconstruction and betterment, involving heavy outlays—leaving the outvoted great powers to foot the bill or repudiate their obligations. Moreover, an inter-governmental Assembly cannot plan internationally—it can only piece together national plans and hope that the general interest may evolve from a patchwork of sectional interests. The League Assembly was only a faint and distorted echo of world public opinion.

In the proposed inter-Parliamentary Assembly the majorities in the national delegations would correspond to the Government majorities in their respective legislatures, and the great Powers would have a share in the votes corresponding to their share in the budget. But representatives would tend to group themselves into international parties of the right, centre and left, taking world views on world issues. Such an Assembly could supply the vision and drive necessary for the basic planning of international economic and social action. It would give full-blooded voice to the needs and ideals of its component peoples. It would evolve an international loyalty and a dynamism of its own It would bring democracy to bear on the international plane.

(3) Finally, the Dumbarton Oaks Conference contemplates regional associations and groupings within the world organisation. Our contribution should be to revive Mr. Churchill's offer to France in the form of an invitation to our West European allies, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Norway, to join with us in a Union based on a currency bloc; joint control of tariffs, and common economic planning; a unified defence system; direct association of our Parliaments and Cabinets and common citizenship. The Union would be open to any State that applied for admission and could satisfy the obligations of membership. It would collectively become a party to the Anglo-Soviet alliance and base its European policy on the closest partnership with the U.S.S.R.

K. ZILLIACUS

(Member of the Information Section of the League of Nations, Dec., 1919—Dec., 1938).

RE-EDUCATION OF GERMAN PRISONERS

SIR,—In your issue of April 15th this year you published a memorable article protesting against the almost incredibly stupid way in which prisoners of

war in this country are screened from any breath of anti-Nazi propaganda.

A good example of this attitude has recently been afforded by the publication in booklet form of a series of broadcasts given by Thomas Mann in the American European service. The Free German League of Culture, who were the publishers of this booklet, then offered copies to the War Office for distribution in Prisoner of War camps. It might have been thought that the authorities would have welcomed this opportunity of enabling the prisoners to learn the views of one of their greatest writers on the Nazi regime—views which were, at any rate, thought fit to be broadcast to the Germans in Germany. Quite the contrary, permission was not granted.

I should like to recall the words of a German refugee in your correspondence column:

> . . . we are dreading the day when trainloads after trainloads with hundreds of thousands of 100 per cent. Nazis will return—fresh from British and American P.O.W. camps. Indeed, they will be the only 100 per cent. Nazis left. . . .

This comment gains additional significance in the light of Himmler's recently revealed plans for an underground resistance movement after defeat. Is this movement to be manned by fit and healthy ex-prisoners of war who have been given no opportunities for coming to their senses whilst in captivity? Are we making no effort to cure the maniacs who before long may be sniping at our own Army of Occupation?

These are the men who at this moment are denied access to the writings of Thomas Mann by the British Government. This is just one more symptom of an intolerable state of affairs. Public opinion must be mobilised to remedy it.

LESLIE T. MINCHIN,
Hon. Secretary

The Progressive League,
20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

WHAT CAN WE DO WITH GERMANY?

SIR,—Mr. M. Cost, in his letter published last week, seeks to defend the opponents of the Nazis from the charge of Pan-Germanism by claiming that no other country is any better. He is evidently unaware of the record of opposition in this country to the war against the American colonies, to the Crimean War, to the Boer War, and to the policy of oppression in Ireland. Where was the German Gladstone? Where the German Campbell Bannerman? These men did not have to face persecution of the Nazi intensity, but they faced, and overcame, persecution which was more than enough to silence the feeble protests of German Liberals in the late nineteenth century. How many Germans opposed Bismarck's campaign against the Poles? How many opposed the atrocities and deportations in Belgium during the Four Years' war? How many the annexationist proposals of the general staff? There was no Nazi terror during the Four Years' war; yet Max Weber, the leading German liberal of his day, put forward, according to his recent biographer, war aims indistinguishable from those of the High Command. Can one imagine, say, Professor Gilbert Murray behaving in this way—even if threatened with persecution, which Max Weber was not? One can go further and ask how many German refugees, living securely in this country, are prepared to recognise the full national independence of the east European peoples and to renounce, for ever, all projects of a European system under German leadership.

It is something to demand freedom solely for Germans; but this is not a demand on which the rest of Europe can safely build. And it is an insult to the memory of the truly European and pacific Germans, such as Eisner or Ossietzky, to excuse the Pan-Germanism in resisting which they gave their lives by evoking the irrelevant sufferings of Niemoeller, who has been a warmonger both in the last war and the present one. The real opponents of Pan-Germanism were persecuted and murdered under the Weimar republic, with the acquiescence of the German Liberals and Socialists of the day, some of them, in fact, murdered by Free Corps organised by a Social Democrat. I am unaware that Noske was expelled from, or even censured by, the Social Democratic party, for his butchery of the Independent Socialist leaders.

It may be hard doctrine for Liberally minded Germans that, until they struggle for the freedom of others, they cannot themselves be free; but it is a doctrine which they must sooner or later accept.

May I congratulate Mr. Cost on his phrase of the German government deciding "to impose its will on its neighbours"? This is the most elegant description I have yet heard of the gas chambers of Maidanek.

A. J. P. TAYLOR
Magdalen College,
Oxford.

INDIAN UNITY

SIR,—In your article on Indian Unity in your issue of October 7th you said that "the two leaders never came in sight of an agreement over Pakistan." Surely the fact is that Mr. Gandhi had already conceded the principle of Pakistan in the interests of Hindu-Muslim co-operation to secure the independence of India, which has in turn been conceded in principle by the British Government subject to the achievement of a Hindu-Muslim understanding. And you yourself express the opinion that "Mr. Gandhi did right to concede Pakistan on reasonable terms" although you "have always regarded it as a thoroughly vicious solution."

You deprecate the breaking up of "the political and economic unity of India." But you will probably agree that the termination or preservation of that unity is ultimately a matter for the peoples of India to decide for themselves. In these circumstances the most important point for determination is whether they want to preserve that unity or not. In our search for the answer to this question we may safely assume the correctness of the Congress assertion that the great majority of the Indian population want to preserve that unity. In this connection we need scarcely discuss such separatist tendencies as there may be among the Depressed Classes (about 50 millions) or the Dravidian elements (some 70 millions); and we may assume that no plebiscite is needed to ascertain the wishes of the great majority of Indians.

We may even go a step farther and dismiss as impracticable any tendency to separatism there may be in relatively small Muslim communities such as those of Bombay (two millions), Madras (four millions) and other predominantly Hindu areas, though we should be warned by the example of Pakistan itself that any delay in the final settlement of the controversy may well make such tendencies more acute than they now are—there is indeed evidence that this is already happening.

Having made all these reservations we are squarely confronted by the problem of Pakistan itself, which concerns the provinces of Bengal, Assam, Punjab, Delhi, Sind, Baluchistan and the North-West Frontier, with an aggregate population of 100 millions including 60 million Muslims. Like Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Jinnah we know in advance the wishes of the 40 million non-Muslims. We can also make a pretty fair guess regarding the probable verdict of the 60 million Muslims; but Mr. Gandhi somewhat naïvely seeks to offset that verdict in advance by insisting on an over-all plebiscite, including the non-Muslims whose attitude is already abundantly clear. What we want to know beyond a peradventure is whether the 60 million Muslims want Pakistan or not. And the best way of finding that out is, as Mr. Jinnah insists, to ask them—and them alone.

Mr. Gandhi agrees that, if they want Pakistan, they should have it on reasonable terms. This can only mean that the frontiers of Pakistan should be so drawn as to exclude all separable non-Muslim areas from the provinces above-mentioned—e.g. the Sikh and Hindu districts of eastern Punjab, and the Hindu districts of Bengal. There would be no great diffi-

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culty in tracing such frontiers and, once they have been agreed upon, it would not be unreasonable to expect of the Hindu minorities remaining in Pakistan and of the Muslim minorities left in Hindustan that they should accept the situation philosophically. I do not attempt to discuss the possibility of future transfers of population, as such a matter would be within the competence of the Governments concerned. I merely make the point that Mr. Jinnah would be no more justified in demanding the retention of large non-Muslim minorities in Pakistan than Mr. Nehru is in desiring the retention of the large Muslim minority in a united India under Hindu domination.

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the problem is one of cultural rather than racial significance. And the real trouble is perhaps to be sought in the fact that democracy—an ideal equally accepted by both parties to the dispute—has not yet succeeded in devising a *modus operandi*, under which two different cultures can develop freely and independently in the same living-space. Majority rule is only satisfactory in a culturally homogeneous community, while no satisfactory system of minority weightage has yet been discovered. Partition was the solution adopted in similar circumstances in Ireland. Partition has been proposed and may yet be the ultimate solution in Palestine. Without partition the Indian problem is scarcely likely to be solved.

With apologies for the length of this letter.

H. St. J. B. Philby

The Athenæum.

[Mr. Philby's defence of Pakistan reads reasonably; but it is far from reflecting Mr. Jinnah's demands. He claims the entire province of Bengal and even Assam as a whole, though it has a Hindu majority. But Mr. Philby fails to meet the chief objection to Pakistan. It "liberates" 60 millions of Muslims, who already govern themselves and need no protection, because they enjoy a majority in their provinces. But it leaves 30 millions exposed, often as a numerically helpless minority, to the alleged persecution of the Hindus. The feud of the two creeds would not be ended by such an arrangement. Partition it must be, if Muslims are really bent on it. But before a plebiscite is taken, would it not be well to have some such evidence before us as a decisive vote in the Councils of some of the affected provinces?—Ed., *N.S. & N.*].

UNIVERSITY REPRESENTATION

Sir,—The impression given by your Notes on Parliament this week is that the House of Commons considered the abolition of University representation. Although the debate on October 12th did mainly deal with this question, the actual question before the House was merely whether or not University constituencies should be among those with which the Boundary Commissioners should deal.

This raises issues worthy of some attention quite apart from the issue of whether University representation should continue or not. In the only consistently relevant speech in the debate, Hugh Lawson drew attention to the disparity between the size of the electorate in University constituencies as compared with ordinary ones. In 1935 Cambridge had 33,617 electors returning two members, Oxford 21,940 returning two, London 17,817 returning one, the Combined English Universities 26,809 returning two, the University of Wales 7,325, returning one, the Scottish Universities 52,981, returning three, and Queen's University, Belfast, only 3,854 returning one member. In short, the number of electors represented by a University Member varied from about 17,500 to 3,800. The average number of electors per constituency was about 51,000 for the whole country.

In other words, to quote Mr. Lawson, "a vote cast in a University election has four or five times as much representation in this House as the vote in any other kind of election, excluding the City of London."

Another point in this connection, though not mentioned by Mr. Lawson, is also worthy of attention. In the University of London, the number of registered electors was 17,817 (of whom 12,876 voted), but the number of graduates of the University was given, in 1937, as 72,000. That is, three out of four graduates are already without the privilege of having an extra vote. This is due to the fact that, in London, to register as an elector, you not only have to take a degree, but then have to pay a registration fee of £1 to enrol as an elector and member of Convocation.

Those who seek to defend University representation on a rational basis do not have to justify the simple proposition that the Universities ought to be represented in Parliament, nor even the equally simple claim that a person who has passed a degree examination in Botany, Spanish or Estate Management should be given an extra vote. The proposition, at present, that requires defence is:—

> That Universities shall be represented in Parliament in such proportions as will enable some graduates who are prepared to pay £1 for the privilege to secure a further vote which, in terms of Parliamentary representation, will be at least three and possibly twelve times as useful as their ordinary vote.

By rejecting Mr. Pritt's amendment by 152 votes to 16, the House of Commons has for the present insisted that this shall continue to be the precise issue. As one who would prefer to retain University representation on a reasonable basis, I regret this decision, since it is obvious that no democratic community will continue to tolerate the ridiculous anomalies involved in the present basis of University representation.

J. Stewart Cook,
Member of the Senate of University of London

MEANING AND PURPOSE

Sir,—One question asked by Dr. Joad in his review of Kenneth Walker's *Meaning and Purpose* should be engraved over the mantelpieces of all who wish to think clearly about philosophy. Speaking of a Mozart quartet, he asks "Can it really be said to give us knowledge in the same sense as the knowledge yielded by a time-table . . . ?" A little reflection makes it clear that this question is concerned, on final analysis, with the *meaning* of the word "knowledge." We can paraphrase it thus: "In the experience that we obtain from consulting a time-table sufficiently similar to the experience obtained by listening to a Mozart quartet for it to be sensible and convenient to apply the word 'knowledge' to both?" I am not concerned with answering the question, but only with emphasising that, as agreement can quickly be reached on the extent to which these two experiences do, in fact, resemble each other, the point really at issue is whether the word "knowledge" can reasonably be used for both. In other words, we are discussing a question of *definition* and not of *fact*.

Dr. Joad's question about knowledge is typical of questions that are asked about all the perennial problems of philosophy—"Does the external world exist?" "Can we experience reality?"—and the rest. A number of philosophers (more especially recently) have pointed out this fundamental characteristic of metaphysical questions—that their answers turn on definitions to be agreed and not facts to be discovered—but so far this key to metaphysics has been used but timidly. When its importance is realised, and philosophers regard metaphysics as a co-operative search for convenient definitions, rather than a solo-flight into the stratosphere of truth, a beginning will have been made towards a solution of many of the age-old puzzles of philosophy.

Scientist

"WHERE THE SEA BREAKS"

Sir,—We must apologise to Mr. Gerald Bullett for misquoting his review of John Prebble's novel, *Where the Sea Breaks*, in our advertisement, especially as the garbled version, due to faulty proof reading, did not do justice to Mr. Bullett's praise of the book.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE Victorian novel ended in a peal of wedding bells; the modern novel, it is said, begins when the peal is over and paid for. There is something, but not much, in the insinuation. One can recall dozens of wickedly or benignly lit episodes of married life in English fiction, from the time when Jonathan Wild called his wife a bitch to Mr. Polly's revolutionary outcries as he groaned over his wife's cooking; from Rawdon Crawley's and Becky Sharp's Hogarthian money troubles, to the ecstatic sculptured ravings and antagonisms of D. H. Lawrence's couples. But all these are scenes only. Marriage is the incidental, not the dominant theme; and it is difficult to think of an English novel which is enclosed by the vows and by nothing else. About love, about sexual passion, about adultery, there are novels by the score; but, in English, is there anything to put beside Strindberg or Mauriac; or to compare with Tolstoy's marriage novels, *The Kreutzer Sonata*, *Family Happiness* or *The Devil*, three books obsessed by marriage as others are by sexual passion or romantic love? Is there anything to compare with the scenes of married life at the end of *War and Peace* or the middle of *Anna Karenina?* It is the obsession that distinguishes them. Those people are prisoners of marriage as Lawrence's are prisoners of sex.

There is this important difference. About sex we are now all vocal. About marriage we have never been so. The married keep silence. Experience warns the married against boasting or complaint. Even a marriage that becomes public property, like Tolstoy's marriage, bewilders the outsider as much as it bewildered the contestants. There was more than one truth in it. There was more than one plane. The roots, the trunks, the branches of those two gale-tortured trees became inextricable. When we think of Tolstoy's marriage, we exclaim, woe to the marriage where one party or the other sets down in diaries, letters or fictions, a minute and continuous impression of his partner and their life, for their common enlightenment. Human beings demand that at least one corner of their lives shall be theirs alone, and that no judge shall intrude upon it. It is the hard core in us, the impermeable stone which is ours alone.

No novelist has surpassed Tolstoy's descriptions of married life, for no novelist has believed and disbelieved in marriage with his exorbitance. The diaries show that he believed in it too much, or in the wrong way. To his complex Puritanism, marriage was one of those drastic and blessed simplifications which he was always slicing out of the jungle of life. He simply hacked it out like a savage who has learned to make a clearing, and who regrets the primeval luxuriance of the forest as it falls. And when he grew to disbelieve in marriage, or rather in marriage as it was understood by his own class in his own time, he hacked out the rougher and larger clearing of his religious beliefs, his political beliefs, his beliefs about war and peace. When we look at the world of Tolstoy the teacher, we see the mark of his angry bill-hook everywhere, the lopped branches, the hedges turned into arbitrary rows of stakes, the wounds made by an egotist upon nature, whose rage becomes sublime and unadaptable as he grows older, but which remains exclusively a rage. To him it seemed that marriage would assuage the conflicts in his character. But such a demand was preposterous, for it meant that his wife should be innocent and eighteen for ever, that one idea only should be imposed on her, that she would solve his problems without growing any of her own.

In a recent life of Tolstoy Mr. Derrick Leon described the breakdown of Tolstoy's marriage as one of the great tragedies of our time. This is not an exaggeration. We are no longer shocked or disillusioned, as the old Tolstoyans were. The Tolstoyan doctrines interest us, if we can keep our tempers, as contradictory symptoms of the malady of a recent phase of civilisation. Tolstoy's marriage was a public tragedy not because it was made public, but because the parties to it were not at variance because of their characters alone. Their characters were conspicuously cast to hold the poison cup of their contemporary history. They became prototypes. They exemplified a crisis in their class. The breaking of the married silence is itself a symptom.

"At least let people think that I have been with him"—that hysterical cry from the Countess, when she was prevented from speaking to Tolstoy on his deathbed, has been called the final touch of conventional hypocrisy. So it may be. But it is tragic also. It is an attempt to hold up the last barrier of privacy and convention against the coming chaos of the married relationship.

It is a commonplace that the descriptions of marriage which Tolstoy wrote as a conservative, patriarchal landowner, and as an inured, jealous, vacillating and exacting husband, are superior to those he wrote after his conversion when he no longer thought his marriage was adequate to his salvation. In this assured if troubled interim, he retained those many selves which are the foundation of the novelist's genius. He could range with the unharassed step of experience from trouble at the Oblonskis' to Anna's passion or the strenuous Puritan idyll of Kitty and Levine. He had not yet begun to hack out those parts of life which annoyed him by persisting blatantly and incurably in despite of his own will and rules. In *War and Peace* family life is a cross but acceptable island, stolidly swinging in the running and ironical tide of history; the attitude to Napoleon, the war, the curious statement that these people who kept out of the war and minded their own business helped their country far more than the people who worked in military circles—they are all challenges from family life, from the old order of his grandfather's time to which all Tolstoy's nostaglia turned. From that seclusion Tolstoy regarded the public behaviour of the world with a satirical and perfunctory eye: the best generals are the Kutuzovs who fall asleep. And the family world is a safe world, not because it is ideal, but precisely because it is not ideal. One recalls Pierre's reflections on his own marriage at the end of *War and Peace*:

> Pierre was greatly surprised by his wife's view, to him a perfectly novel one, that every moment of his life belonged to her and to the family. His wife's demands astonished him, but they also flattered him, and he submitted to them.
>
> Pierre's subjection consisted in the fact that he not only dared not flirt with, but dared not even speak smilingly to, any other woman, did not dare to dine at the club as a pastime, did not dare to spend money on a whim, and did not dare absent himself for any length of time, except on business—in which his wife included his intellectual pursuits, which she did not in the least understand, but to which she attributed great importance. To make up for this, Pierre had the right of completely regulating his life at home as he chose, as well as that of the whole family. At home Natásha placed herself in the position of a slave to her husband, and the whole household went on tip-toe when he was occupied—that is, was reading or writing in his study. Pierre had but to show a partiality for anything, to get just what he liked done always. He had only to express a wish and Natásha would jump up and run to fulfil it.
>
> The entire household was governed according to Pierre's supposed orders, that is, by his wishes which Natásha tried to guess. Their way of life and place of residence, their acquaintances and ties, Natásha's occupations, the children's upbringing, were all selected not merely with regard to Pierre's expressed wishes, but to what Natásha supposed his wishes to be from the thoughts he expressed in conversation. And she deduced the essentials of his wishes quite correctly, and having once arrived at them clung to them tenaciously. When Pierre himself wanted to change his mind she would fight him with his own weapons.

And Natásha came from the nursery dishevelled in her dressing gown caring only for those "to whom she would show a yellow instead of a green spot on a baby's napkin, and from whom she could hear reassuring words to the effect that the baby was better."

Yet this picture (which aroused the mockery of his friends) of a man under the thumb of a strong-willed, devoted and narrow-minded woman, was not depressing to Pierre. He was freed from doubt.

> After seven years of marriage he had the joyous and firm consciousness that he was not a bad man, and he felt this because he saw himself reflected in his wife. He felt the good and bad within himself inextricably mingled and overlapping. But only what was really good in him was reflected in his wife, all that was not quite good was rejected. And this was not the result of logical reasoning, but was a direct and mysterious reflection.

The puritanism of Tolstoy, which made him a practical moralist, chiefly concerned with what worked and what did not work, was not likely to last in a nature so sensual and violent. It turned into the puritanism of the bill-hook. There is always the danger that couples who do not face their differences will create their rival underground movements. Tolstoy's diaries were a symptom. There is a timidity under Tolstoy's assertiveness; introspection was one of the disguises of cowardice, analysis one of the methods of running away. The underground movement emerged in *The Kreutzer Sonata* stark, hard and dispossessed. Immeasurably jealous, Tolstoy was one of those extreme egotists who are affronted by the changes in a woman's character that take place first with marriage and then after having children.

> Our whole life with the children, for my wife and consequently for me, was not a joy but a torment. How could she help torturing herself? She tortured herself incessantly. Sometimes when we had just made peace after some scene of jealousy, or simply after a quarrel, and thought we should be able to live, to read and to think a little, we had no sooner settled down to some occupation than the news came that Vasya was being sick, or Masha showed symptoms of dysentery, or Andrusha had a rash, and there was an end to peace, it was not life any more. Where was one to drive to? For what doctor? How isolate the child? And then it's a case of enemas, temperatures, medicines and doctors. Hardly is that over before something else begins. We had a regular settled family life but only, as I have already said, continual escapes from imaginary and real dangers. It is like that in most families nowadays you know, but in my family it was especially acute. My wife was a child-loving and a credulous woman.

We have moved far away from the dignified acceptance of a new situation that follows the crisis between husband and wife in *Family Happiness*, and presently *The Kreutzer Sonata* breaks into a description—a superb description, it must be admitted—of an hysterical quarrel which starts with some talk about a prize at a dog show.

> We jump from one subject to another, reproach one another. "Oh, that's nothing new, it's always been like that." "You said . . ." "No, I didn't say so." "Then I am telling lies! . . ."
>
> She rushes out of the room and into the nursery. I try to hold her back in order to finish what I was saying, to prove my point, and I seize her by the arm. She pretends that I have hurt her and screams "Children, your father is striking me!" I shout: "Don't lie!" "But it's not the first time!" she screams, or something like that. The children rush to her. She calms them down. I say "Don't sham!" She says, "Everything is sham in your eyes, you would kill anyone and say they were shamming. Now I have understood you. That's just what you want!" "Oh, I wish you were dead as a dog!" I shout. I remember how those dreadful words horrified me. I never thought I could utter such dreadful, coarse words, and am surprised that they escaped me.

The Kreutzer Sonata ends in murder. *The Devil* ends in suicide. It has a murder for its alternative ending. Tolstoy was an autobiographical and unimaginative novelist, and these acts of decision and violence represent the hysterical wishes of a vacillating character. There was nothing left for the Tolstoy who had sought an absolute salvation in marriage, but to denounce sexual intercourse, lay down rules to make marriage as unpleasant as possible and discard all belief in civilisation and rational consciousness. He ends, where Lawrence begins, in the deification of the

irrational and unconscious. Consciousness is the enemy of man.

I have been reading a new and excellent short book on Tolstoy (*Tolstoy : An Approach*, by Janko Lavrin. *Methuen*, 7*s*. 6*d*.), in which the distasteful task of tracing the course of Tolstoy's teaching is conducted with penetration, fair-mindedness and economy. Mr. Lavrin examines the split in Tolstoy's character, or rather the several characters which gave him the tortured outsize dimensions of a giant, and he "places" Tolstoy in his own age without denouncing him, as many sociological critics do, for not belonging to our own. There is an interesting final comparison with Nietzsche which is very suggestive. It suggests that when we speak of a writer's "time," we have merely pushed the question back a stage unless we understand that the "time" is even more complex than the writer. There are lost Elizabethans in the nineteenth century as there are surviving Victorians among ourselves. At one point in Mr. Lavrin's criticism I would have liked to see further discussion. It is where he says that the split in Tolstoy's character gave him his astonishing analytical insight into human motive. This is true if we are looking only just below the surface: Tolstoy is an unfailing observer of the double motive in the business of living. He knew the jealousies, the doubts, the wishes and envies, that do not really go deeply into our spiritual life, but, rather, extend the complication and animate the surface for the working moralist. The wonderful lifelikeness of Tolstoy's realism is leisurely and spacious. There is time, there is a kind of peace of mind, for pausing to see the hangman soap the ropes, to hear what Andrew really thought when he was wounded or what Irtsenev was thinking about on his farm when he was pursuing the peasant girl in *The Devil*. All art is simplification. Tolstoy's enormous range is possible because he was not profound; because by nature he was endlessly undecided and evasive, finding it easier to extend his observation, guided by a few puritan rules, than to intensify it. His objection to adultery was practical and vulgar : no man, he said, can digest two breakfasts.

When we examine it, Tolstoy had little to say about marriage—far less indeed to us than to his contemporaries, for the innocent bride has gone—but he was the first to detach the subject from the rest of life and to describe the conditions of married life. And he surpasses us in this respect; for the modern novels about marriage are really novels about love. Compared with his, they are unreal, for they have lost the Tolstoyan sense of the conditions, and the sense of necessity lying behind them. The latter is the one aspect of his puritanism which was valuable. Necessity is the frame that fixes all his narratives.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE NEW ALLEGORY

The Wild Goose Chase. The Professor. The Aerodrome. Uniform edition of the Novels of REX WARNER. *Lane*. 7*s*. 6*d*. each.

"What are you reading?" "Allegory." End of conversation. It might be calculated, the plumb-weight of those syllables, to gauge how far your interlocutor's face can fall. "A sort of allegory," you go on in a feeble effort to retrieve, "or political fantasy"; but already it is too late, the harm has been done. Nothing you can say now will disperse the clouds that have gathered round the idea of allegory.

And yet it is such a charming light word! To rescue it from its associations one would have to relive a childhood in which school prizes, marble virtues, Sunday at home, *The Faerie Queene* (with notes), and lessons from nature had no place. Bat and ball would no longer lead to a consideration of the game called Life. One would be free, if one chose, to prefer the foolish grasshopper to the wise ant—whose stock in any case has suffered lately a political decline. It was a curious world of shapes and omens, of truths and half-truths and quarter-truths, of compromise, with a zoology all its own. The beasts of childhood don't, thank goodness, all speak the same language, though the Christian beast and the beast of commerce between them do most of the talking. It may take a little time to disentangle the two, to catch the sheep of one persuasion slipping out of his pelt to join the wolves round the corner. But apart from these monopolies of worldly and heavenly wisdom, which plastered the landscape with advertisements—"Beware of vanity" painted over the peacock's tail—there was always the chance of taking a wrong path and listening to an unhallowed opinion. One began to carry round labels of one's own. The habit of allegorising, in a big or a small way, extends, I believe, to those who profess a distaste for it; and the more we believe the more we tend to claim figures for our belief from books, streets, landscapes and existences outside our own. It is only when a particular belief, usually a religious system, is shared by everyone that we get the kind of moral sign-writing that has given allegory its bad name.

Without dropping the name, and leaving for a moment the question of where he steps in, let us examine the novels of Mr. Rex Warner, now dignified by a uniform edition. Mr. Warner is a poet; he would never, otherwise, have embarked on his present course. "Fantastic," "imaginative," "extraordinary"—these are the sort of adjectives he collects from reviewers. But what will impress the reader of his novels—the reader, at any rate, used to enjoying poetry—is the reasonableness of his vision, the cautious elevation, the nice balance of argument and feeling. In *The Wild Goose Chase*, his first novel, he does indeed let himself go, with a mixture of satire, adventure, surrealism and high jinks that already dates a little. Oddities abound, and the style is uncertain. ("Life, the burstingness of!" pops up from one page.) After that he seems to have shed unprofitable influences (retaining Kafka), to have discovered his limitations which he doesn't again transcend. He brings instead to the limbo of prose-poetry a keen prospecting sense : so many claims abandoned, light needed here, roads or an aquaduct there. Consider his themes. *The Wild Goose Chase*: fable of idealism, three brothers who set out in a strange country, vowing themselves to the Holy Ghost, and arrive after individual adventures and by different routes at the Revolution. *The Professor*: a cultured liberal hopes by the appeal to reason and the past to check the stirring masses; he becomes, innocently, a figurehead of the Fascists and is then killed by them; local colour, an English university town—in case we should assume this sort of thing only happens abroad. Brilliantly worked out in the events of a week, and touching characterisation of the central figure. *The Aerodrome*: his best book, a minor masterpiece of its kind. The enemy hitherto have been Fascists of the more blackguardly type, but here we are shown an ideal Nazism such as that heralded by Mr. Wells and others for Utopia. Indeed, between admiration and fear, it takes us some time to realise impending calamity; the technicians of the new aerodrome have the charming and ruthless skill of surgeons, and by the side of the villagers who creep about their tasks and indulge a shady morality they shine incomparably. Almost too late—like the muttering village itself—we discover the tyranny that the aerodrome, which wins wars and can take over villages, has in store for us. In finding symbols for the conflict between a more selfless and organised society and the picturesque, haphazard, squalid existence of the present Mr. Warner shows quite exceptional skill. There is a touch of delirium in our first glimpse of the threatened village, which we see through the eyes of the hero, drunk, wallowing in mud; and by a series of comic and startling revelations we approach with awe the gates of the aerodrome which shuts off (it would seem) a life more devoted, more purposeful and care-free than our own. The balance between this airy, steel-plated vision and the more earthy and dubious loyalties of the old world is struck with a beautiful precision, holding the reader at a point from which he might as easily tip down one way as the other. When the crash comes it is brief and violent, like a film climax, and this is in keeping with the nightmare melodrama of the hero's personal adventures. (Traces of Kafka again.) I can understand that some readers may find merely irritating the tricks by which Mr. Warner keeps excitement going, but for me this is one of the few memorable novels written during the war. It puts a case and it carves its own shape like a poem.

There are, it seems to me, two main types of allegory. The first illustrates a set of meanings already familiar to the reader, and the second creates its own pattern of meanings. No need to say more about the first which, in its more fossil-like appearances, accounts for the general distaste. The second and rarer kind—where the author is groping after his own conclusions—has the advantage that, while we may be sometimes out of our depth, the poetic possibilities are immensely greater. The imagination is given room to expand, we are aware of struggles, guesses, discoveries; there is never the certainty, so dear to the moralist and so inhibiting to enjoyment, that however far or fast we go the next moment will find us, like Alice, walking through the front door. Even *The Pilgrim's Progress* is spoilt for me by the fact that every inch of the road is known beforehand, that no setbacks finally can deprive the hero of his goal. Bunyan is determined to see him home. Modern allegory has no such marked road or destination; sprung not of faith but of doubt, it must pose the alternatives and fashion its own way. What are these alternatives? Religion still provides the most coloured choice; but to the seeker beyond apppearances, other answers will be found in individual psychology and in natural or economic forces. The Freudian or Marxist Progress comparable with Bunyan's has yet to be written; that the preoccupation is there, waiting fulfilment, can be seen in the widespread critical habit of pouring new wine into old bottles. *Hamlet* has become for many a sexual dream play, and in Proust's submerged corridors we listen for the trample of feet overhead.

Kafka, I think, was the first writer to link these levels together. His hero is the victim of persecution mania and of a conflict as palpable as Job's; the hierarchy of officials who determine his fate in a series of interviews and filled-in forms are the heavenly powers and also (one doesn't need to look twice) the powers-that-be. A multiplicity of longings and threats dogs the footsteps of this pilgrim like the echoes in a cave. It is an ambiguous message, conveying more hints than promises, but it enabled Kafka to give a new shape to the novel. The stylised figures, the flow of poetry and humour, the heightening of narrative, more than balance the loss of solid categories. Compare *The Castle* with *The Magic Mountain* and the gain over realism will be immediately obvious. Similar qualities—though one might hesitate to apply the word "allegory"—distinguish a whole tract of novel-writing which approximates to poetry. The tendency in France has produced such figures as Léon Bloy and Jouhandeau, whose *M. Godeau Intime* is a rewarding masterpiece in a strange terrain. Both of these visionaries—who have a small but determined following—are Catholics. In England the impulse has divided, offering on the one side moral adventures, like those of the black girl, and on the other the unattached fantasies of David Garnett. Mr. Rex Warner, largely influenced by Kafka, brings the two together and gives us the chance of judging how far the lay allegory can match the inspiration of religion and give to political and social unrest an aesthetic form. Even a partial success in this field (impossible as it would seem to heighten an Englishman's politics) may light more lamps than the romance or reporting expected of the current novelist. And Mr. Warner has scored one considerable success. *The Aerodrome* should satisfy those who demand first of literature a "social significance"; but it will also—this is the

truer test—find echoes in our minds wherever we catch the new supplanting the old : a factory in a valley, a block of flats ousting a slum, a tractor that says good-bye to the horse. Sometimes our sympathies may go to one, sometimes to the other. Much can be said on both sides, and Mr. Warner has said it—ostensibly in a parable about the Nazis.

G. W. STONIER

PACIFIC APPEASEMENT

Ten Years in Japan. By JOSEPH GREW, United States Ambassador to Japan, 1932–42. *Hammond and Hammond.* 15*s.*

Ambassador Grew was at home in Japan. After eight years in Tokio he could write that the Buddhist funeral rites for Prince Tokugawa were like " a gathering of old family friends in Boston." " The Tokugawas, Matsudairas, Matsukatas might have been Saltenstalls and Sedgwicks and Peabodys," and the ritual might have been " the Christian service for the burial of the dead and the place Emmanuel Church in Boston." In fact, like others who move in diplomatic circles and do not look far beneath the surface, Ambassador Grew found Japanese life quite charming. He was not long in forming a shrewd idea that the Liberals were no match for the fanatical militarists. But we search in vain for glimpses of the forces behind diplomacy. There is nothing here about the ordinary people in the factories and the fighting services or about the collapse of the Miseito (Liberal), Seiyukai (Conservative) and, later, the Social Mass (Socialist) Parties. It may be that Mr. Grew has been too discreet. In so far as it is published his diary reveals him as a singularly conscientious ambassador, hard-working, and liberal in outlook, but too limited in his sympathies to notice, as Ambassador Dodd did in Berlin, the social factors at work behind the totalitarian façade. As a result his book, while containing important documents, is mainly interesting to students of diplomacy.

Ambassador Grew saw in Japan's decision to secede from the League of Nations in February 1933 the complete triumph of the extremists whose probable intention he described as " a Monroe Doctrine for the Far East." There seemed now " no further purpose in trying to humour her by patience." He interpreted Japan's action as a deliberate break with the West, and prophesied that the military machine whose " arrogance and self-confidence are complete," the Navy " which is becoming increasingly bellicose," and the public inflamed by military propaganda must presuppose the possibility of Japan taking " radical steps without counting the cost thereof." After the relatively moderate but short-lived Saito and Okada Governments in 1934 when the Army and Navy were attacked for the last time (February), events moved rapidly. The military coup of February 1936 ; the German-Japanese Alliance, which Ambassador Grew was told had been negotiated through the Military Attaché in Berlin without the knowledge of the Foreign Office in Tokio ; and then the attack on China in July 1937.

The American and British Ambassadors seem to have shared the same view about the China incident, and considered they had done a good day's work when they had drafted an identical telegram to Mr. Norman Davis and Mr. Eden in Brussels advocating strict impartiality and the avoidance of any " judgment as to the origins of the conflict or the responsibilities involved." Their French colleague agreed to send a similar telegram to Paris. Ambassador Grew believed that any other policy involved the risk of war, and, even as late as December 5, 1938—after the *Panay* had been sunk and Japan had taken discriminatory measures against American exports—he entered in his Diary his opposition to any financial help to Chiang Kai-shek from American and British sources, and any economic measures against Japan. " As to the latter," he wrote, " no matter how much I might personally like to see retaliation for the things that Japan is doing to us and to our interests in the Far East, I am consistently recommended against such measures unless we are prepared to see them through to their logical conclusion, and that might mean war, for sanctions are always a potential incentive to ultimate war."

Not until the end of October 1939 did Ambassador Grew consider it opportune to make any public warning to Japan. He had then returned from the States, where he felt the strong undercurrent of anti-Japanese feeling.

Relations between America and Japan remained on a precarious, but diplomatic basis until the typhonic Mr. Matsuoka became Foreign Minister in the Konoye Cabinet in July 1940, and Ambassador Grew recognised the Axis Alliance signed by him as reflecting Japan's gamble on Great Britain's defeat by Germany. From this time onwards he believed that there would never be peace in the Far East " unless or until the Japanese military become discredited, and that can come only when the military strength of Japan has been heavily weakened." And now he wanted to see Chiang Kai-shek win. Whatever happened to American interests as a result, it could be no worse than what was happening under Japanese domination.

War, Ambassador Grew now believed, was a matter of time. In his Diary on January 27, 1941, he reported " a lot of talk around town to the effect that the Japanese in case of a break with the United States, are planning to go all out in a surprise mass attack on Pearl Harbour." The intervening months between gossip and reality were filled with diplomatic comings and goings on which Ambassador Grew provides exceedingly interesting documents, notably his entry on April 22nd, when he gives the points of discussion between the Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Steinhardt, and Mr. Matsuoka, who had just returned from Moscow and Berlin, and his entry of August 18th which summarises Admiral Toyada's peace offer following America's freezing of Japanese assets in the United States.

Admiral Toyada had two schemes : one was a peace offer to China and the other was a meeting in the Pacific somewhere between President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Konoye. Failure to arrange the Roosevelt-Konoye meeting led to the fall of the Konoye Cabinet on October 16th, 1941.

Conversations with Nomura were carried on in Washington during November, and simultaneously several steps were taken to avoid war. Mr. Churchill made the statement that " if the United States should be involved in a war with Japan, a British declaration of war would follow within the hour." The American Government put forward ten-point draft programme for adjusting the whole situation in the Far East, and on December 6th Roosevelt sent a message to Emperor Hirohito offering to obtain assurances from the Governments of the East Indies, Malaya and Thailand and even from China, that they had no intention of invading Indo-China, " if every Japanese soldier or sailor were to be withdrawn therefrom." But it was too late. Whilst the diplomats talked the Japanese army, navy and air force acted on December 7th, 1941. The war had begun, and Ambassador Grew and his staff were the " prisoners of Japan " until May 1942. In one of his last entries he described the celebrations after the fall of Singapore, and adds that " in spite of all the war propaganda, there does not seem to exist any fundamental hatred of the United States among the people."

Home in America, Ambassador Grew became the leading orator on the Pacific until his appointment as Director of the Office of Far-Eastern

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Affairs in the State Department, where he now plays an important part in the preparations for Japan's defeat. DOROTHY WOODMAN

INCREDIBLE AMERICA

Assignment: U.S.A. By SELDEN MENEFEE. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The rebuilding of the American industrial system began many months before the United States entered the war. With the fall of France Great Britain became dependent upon American production, and British Government capital accompanied the orders. The rewards were ample, and President Roosevelt's appeals for all aid to the Allies were pointed with unheard-of figures of possible results which increased the stimulus. Four years of incredible energy, organised amid what looked like chaos, produced the astounding structure of to-day.

Selden Menefee set himself the task of covering the whole scene. He made a tour of 15,000 miles and visited 84 centres. He found the people almost everywhere deep in the war, but this, of course, did not imply unity of opinion. The swift expansion of war industry made a problem of migration and resettlement such as no country has ever had to grapple with. The Pacific Coast had to find room for 2,000,000 more people. The shipyards of San Francisco alone employ 200,000. In Mobile, Alabama, 17,000 workers became 65,000. A new Kaiser yard may mean a shanty town of 20,000 or 30,000 overnight.

The labour situation rapidly undergoes a basic change. The lure of the factory denudes not only the farms but also the offices and schools. Remote hill districts and other areas of primitive folk are drawn upon. There is no approach to order in wages. The shipyards, for instance, pay better than the aircraft plants, thus making trouble in nearby munition centres. Organised labour, backed by the National War Labour Board, attains a new status, and incidentally a labour leader such as Harry Bridges becomes more than respectable, while John L. Lewis is almost outlawed. Bridges, an Australian, after being the terror of the Pacific water-front for twenty years, continually fighting against expulsion, is now the favoured of the big employers, since he is for high production and against strikes.

Mr. Menefee examines the strikes and labour unrest. He shows them to be directly related in many cases to bad housing and transport and to overwork. His statistics confirm those lately cited by Mr. Roosevelt, and he proves that in the matter of stoppages 1942 was trivial compared with 1917. He is a candid reporter, the grim facts being set forth, primarily for the instruction of his American readers, who are now becoming aware of the unique challenge presented by their country, with some 60,000,000 earning and nearly 12,000,000 young people in uniform. He gives some striking examples of great concerns being wholly free from labour troubles, by reason of fair treatment and intelligent welfare plans.

Any group of figures from these pages would serve to illustrate an unparalleled national problem, marked on all sides by the perils of congestion and complex enmities. Boston has become a centre of anti-Semitism. New York City is almost one-third Jewish. It contains 410,000 American-born Italians, the most eminent of whom is the Mayor. Its Harlem is the largest Negro community in the world. St. Louis has 110,000 Negroes, Los Angeles 240,000 Mexicans. Buffalo and Detroit (the latter now a mighty racial mosaic of 3,000,000) have each a very large Polish city within the radius. The population of Washington has increased by at least a third in ten years. From the Pacific Coast some 70,000 Japanese were evacuated after Pearl Harbour. And so on, in every region.

No recent American writer, I think, has dealt more concretely and dispassionately than Mr. Menefee with the facts of the new South and the overturn of the relations between black and white. Economic conditions among the Negroes have changed beyond description during the war years, while those miserable derelicts, the Poor Whites, are at last getting a break. In the war industries there is discrimination against the coloured worker, which makes an increasingly awkward situation for the unions. But the Afro-Americans are making headway fast, and migration to the West and North is incessant. Politicians of the Old South reiterate the slogan of "White supremacy" in an atmosphere reverberating with far different cries. The conscription of Negroes (who are 10 per cent. of the total population) on the same basis as the Whites, with the equal basic pay of $50 a month, stands for a political decision of fundamental import. In the armed forces racial incidents of the well-known kind are unavoidable, and they do not tend to decrease in number. The South retains its Jim Crow rules. Negro officers are never safe from unpleasantness. They find themselves banned from waiting-rooms and eating places to which European war prisoners, ironically, when in their charge, are freely admitted. Modern war, as we know, is by its nature revolutionary. The American people will learn that its social results must be of incalculable weight in the near future of their Republic.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

DALY'S

Daly's: The Biography of a Theatre. By D. FORBES-WINSLOW. *W. H. Allen.* 15*s.* 6*d.*

Nobody who has read Bernard Shaw's volumes of dramatic criticism will easily forget the figure of the American impresario, Augustin Daly, who flits about those brilliant pages like a malevolent goblin. Very memorable occasions are recorded there, as for example Daly's production of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, in which Schubert's setting of "Who is Sylvia?" could not be used, because it had been used the week before as "Who's Olivia?" in *Twelfth Night*. In the history of the theatre, as distinct from that of the drama, Daly occupies an important place. I cannot believe that his play-books have been without their influence on the editors of the "New Cambridge Shakespeare"; I have seen a copy of his version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in which, as in the film of the same name, the Indian child, who is the subject of the quarrel between Oberon and Titania, is actually brought on to the stage. He appears reclining on a silver couch with a canopy, and the following improvements on the inarticulate original occur:

Oberon: I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.
[*He advances to the canopy. At a gesture from Titania the curtains are closed.*]
Titania: Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
[*Oberon orders his attendants to advance, and he dashes towards the canopy to seize the child. He tears aside the curtains only to find that it has disappeared.*]

This book is unfortunately rather solemn about Daly; it has missed its chances. But it does give certain curious tit-bits of information about him, and I was interested to learn that, before the theatre opened in 1893, "to bring success," Daly, who was a devout Catholic, "placed over the lintels a number of holy medals."

The main part of the book is devoted to Daly's as the home of musical comedy. To those who knew *The Geisha* only as providing one of the theme-songs in *Ulysses*, the book will appear as a revelation. There is clearly no other section of the theatre like this, and it must be beautiful to be able to take one's pleasures so healthily. By the side of musical comedy, the ballet seems the haunt of

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erotomanes, the "legitimate" theatre that of intellectual dowdies. One envies memories which contain the excitement at the great opening nights of *San Toy* and *The Dollar Princess* ("Duchesses and queens of musical comedy, great lights of literature and City magnates—in fact, all the world was in Daly's that night. The occupants of the pit looked weary but eager"); the arrival of *The Merry Widow*; the over-night rise to fame of the stars; the momentous change when the traditional misunderstanding between hero and heroine in Act I was delayed till Act II. As for public enthusiasm, there has been nothing quite like it since the eighteenth century, when young men rushed backwards and forwards between Covent Garden and Drury Lane several times in an evening to compare rival performances of *Romeo and Juliet*. One *affeionado* went to see *The Maid of the Mountains* four hundred times during a single run, apparently without suspecting himself of an obsessional compulsion. All this and much else is recorded here in the greatest detail. No history of the subject could be more thorough. The index has a distinction of its own: it is not in alphabetical order. HENRY REED.

Week-end Competition

No. 766

Set by Fred Oyster

The usual prizes are offered for philosophical limericks. The philosophies expounded may range anywhere from Plato to Mrs. Eddy, and there is no ban on fooling, though competitors are asked to remember the admirably succinct young man of Siam who proclaimed that he was not a bus but a tram. Entries by Monday, Nov. 6th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 763

Set by Stephen Toulmin

The candid admission of "Critic" that he'd "like to be Minister of Food or President of the Board of Trade when Germany is defeated" makes me wonder what the secret ambition of some of our other public figures can be. Competitors are asked to suggest ideas (in 200 words) of the policies any other contemporary commentator or critic would adopt if they chose to play the part of one of his usual victims.

Report by Stephen Toulmin

Allan M. Laing kept A. P. H. busy as Minister of Food (and Beer):

Gentlemen, I'm far from being in a compromising mood,
For our dietetic outlook seems to me of deep depravity;
So in my new capacity of Minister of Food,
I shan't hesitate to disregard my customary suavity:

I shall ruthlessly insist
(If it's needed, with my fist)
On restoring British beer
(Loud applause and cries: "Hear, hear!")

To its pre-war body-building strength and customary gravity.

The most popular subjects were G. B. S. and Arthur Marshall. Shaw provided a rich vein, but my years at Arthur Marshall's feet—Scripture, 12 to 1 every Sunday, except when the 1st XV won a big match—have made me critical of all imitations, and even Constance Sewell, his most successful disciple, seemed to me to miss the subtleties of the genre. Of the Shaws, both Douglas Hawson's and N. E. Coe's became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the latter proposed the happy policy:

"Income tax will be reorganised so that the incomes of the rich are reduced to a level at which they can live on them, but the incomes of the poor are not increased to the extent that they cannot."

The best of them was Pibwob's, who by naturalisation alone laid himself open to all the strictures of his former self.

L. E. J.'s Agate *devenu Phèdre* (riddled with self-conscious parentheses, *parsemé de citations*) stood head and shoulders above all other entries, and gets the first prize of two guineas, but the running for second place was close. Constance Benyon, who made Maxton manager of Claridge's, and E. Bedwell—Phyllis Dixey's criticism of the clothing trade is, I feel, only implied—strained the terms of the competition a little too far, but I should gladly have included Sir Robert Witt's Raymond Mortimer, whose policies as headmaster of "any great public school" were decidedly conservative, and also Mrs. Sewell's second entry, a description of William Whitebait's first Gauguin-colour masterpiece: "'The Milk of Paradise'; a work of art, unquestionably. In every foot I am indebted to somebody. . . . Absence of colour tells, too, used as significantly as silence. . . . Economical use of dialogue; brilliant cutting; a queer, inspired performance by Orson Welles." L. G. Udall scored with his motto for the National Board of English Entertainment (Kulturleiter: James Agate)—"Quo vadit, Ego atque"—while T. E. Casson and W. H. Y. Price deserve honourable mentions.

FIRST PRIZE—MR. AGATE PLANS TO PLAY PHEDRE

Not even the *optique du théâtre* can make me do as I am for this part. Must go into training. Points to be attended to:

Face: "small, white, muscular" (my shaving-glass says "H'm"). Mouth to be "central point d'appui of face," and must be "more expressive even (even!) than the eyes. Bush of hair to crown forehead" (so where do my spectacles go?)

Figure: "perfectly flat, with square shoulders. Soul, nerve, sinew, fire" ("Come off it, Jamie," says Jock, but I am resolved). "Long, white, skeleton arms like two beings in themselves (did I say that, or Montaigne?) The antipodes of the sensuous and the sensual. No colour (easy), no roundness, no curves (difficult), no swans-down flesh" (easy).

Voice: "rich, penetrating and thrilling."

Dress: "heavy white robes (and I was once called a dirty butterfly!), gold circle on head (Poe's "agate lump," says Leo), stream of brown hair (oh, James, what is hair to you or you to hair?) over left shoulder."

Declamation: "piercing, low in pitch, every syllable ringing:

'*C'est Vénus tout entière à sa proie attachée*.'"

Will "nobody clap?" Will they "only pant and clench their hands?" Will "the tragedy appear too awful a reality?" I'm afraid it may. But I am resolved. L. E. J.

SECOND PRIZE
MR. COWARD BECOMES FIRST SEA LORD

(i) Bell-bottoms for all ranks shall be *de rigueur*,
They're chic, not chi-chi; emphasize the figure.

(ii) Although the Navy's prestige must depend
On class-distinctions, yet we thus amend
Our former regulations: Friendship's claims
Demand a lavish use of Christian names.

(iii) Wrens, costumed to a Molyneux design,
Shall learn from Cochran how to toe the line.

(iv) Bee, Boo and Gertie henceforth shall become
Rear-admirals (honorary)—should there be some
Who hanker after feminine allure.

(v) All crews shall be expected to endure
Shipwreck or hazard or the battle's throes
To incidental music I compose.

(vi) Although commissioned ranks alone may carry
Handbags or use Chanel Five, *Soir de Paris*
Is not forbidden on the lower decks,
Nor yet a certain latitude of sex.
Forward to Glory! But I shall on all
Occasions take the final curtain-call.

F. H. K.

Personal

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